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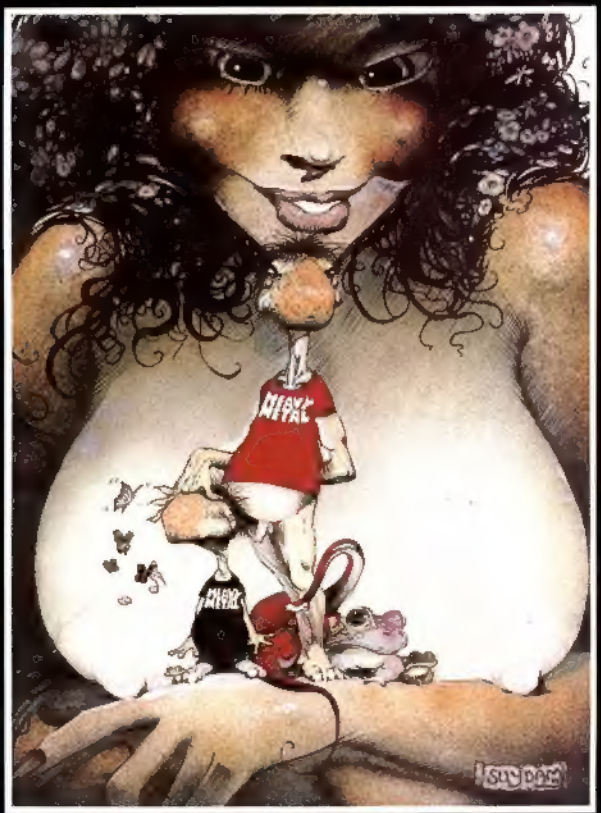

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HEAVY METAL MARCH 1981 VOL. IV NO. 12

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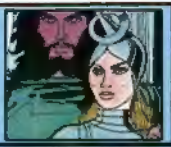

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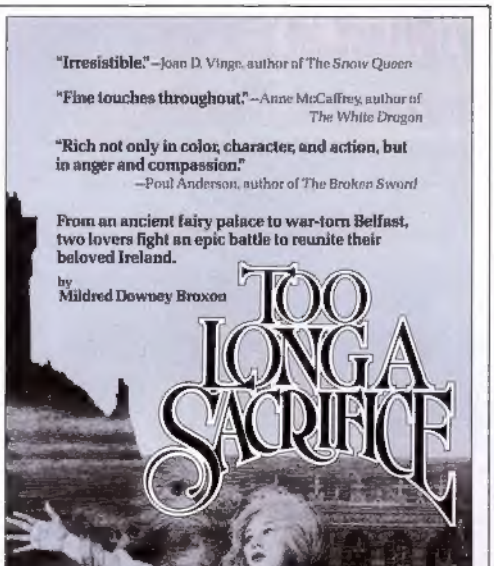
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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Heavy:

I'm a rocker—thirty-two years old, grown-up wrong with the Stones and always worked in the music industry. I loved your October rock issue. It makes me feel good to enjoy your usual excellent artwork with story lines that speak rock 'n' roll on my level.

But the killer—praise and thanks to Ted White and Ernie Colon for "Let It Be." I particularly like their optimism that Brian Wilson will collect all his marbles (Soon! Please, Brian, soon!) and improve to the point of someday having an informal drink in the library with Paul McCartney. McCartney says *Sgt. Pepper* was influenced by and meant to outdo *Pet Sounds*. Back in '67, when Brian heard *Sgt. Pepper*, he freaked out and *Smile* disintegrated into *Smily Smile*.

And since I'm one of those pretentious assholes who think *Pet Sounds* is even better than *Sgt. Pepper*, my sympathies are always for Brian. I appreciate Ernie's depicting Brian as having money and distinction. Brian probably will be fat as an older man, but at least there's no piano and sandbox in the corner. And I like Ted's perspective of late Beach Boys albums, which are uniformly excellent but don't sell for shit.

Thanks, guys. You hit me in my rock-and-roll heart.

A Womp-Bop-A-Lo-Bop-A-Wop-Bam-Boom

Tony Traurieg
Atlanta, Georgia

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S

BLOODSTAR

BY RICHARD CORBEN, JOHN JAKES, AND JOHN POCSIK

Last we saw, Grom told young Bloodstar of his father. The two had met some years before during battle, when the older Bloodstar defeated Grom while fighting but saved him from a cruel death by defending him against Helva, the daughter of the Aesir war chief. In the fight, Byrdag's regime beat Grom's jungle comrades, but talk of the old leader's possible retirement has one of the young warriors plotting ahead.

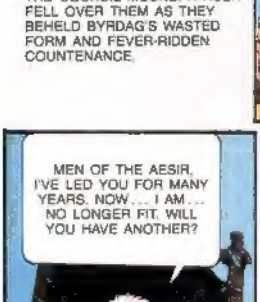
BLOODSTAR AND LOKNAR WERE ALIKE IN MANY WAYS BUT DIFFERED GREATLY IN TEMPERAMENT AND GOALS. LOKNAR LUSTED FOR THE AESIR CHIEFTAINSHIP WHILE BLOODSTAR WAS CONTENT TO FOLLOW QUIETLY. BYRDAG'S CONDITION CHANGED LITTLE AS THE DAYS PASSED. LOKNAR TURNED ALOOF AND MOODY, STAYING AWAY FROM HIS OLD FRIEND. WHENEVER THEY MET, BLOODSTAR NOTICED AN ODD LIGHT IN LOKNAR'S EYES THAT TROUBLED HIM.
HELVA TOO WAS DEPRESSED, SHADOWED BY GRIEF FOR HER FATHER. I ALSO CAUGHT HER WATCHING BLOODSTAR WITH AN EXPRESSION I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD ALL TOO WELL.

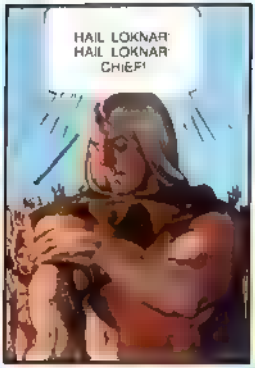
MY OWN WOUNDS MENDED QUICKLY. I SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME WITH MY SAVIOR, AND SOON BLOODSTAR MASTERED THE TONGUE OF THE JUNGLE FOLK. IT TOOK SOMEWHAT LONGER FOR ME TO LEARN HIS. WE BECAME HUNTING COMPANIONS — AND FRIENDS.
BLOODSTAR, I'VE BEEN THINKING —
WITH YOUR CRACKED PATE? A MIRACLE INDEED, GROM!
NO — LISTEN! THERE CAN BE ADVANTAGES FOR BOTH OUR PEOPLES IF THERE IS PEACE BETWEEN US. LET ME RETURN TO MY TRIBE AND TELL THEM OF THE WAYS OF THE AESIR.

WELL, GO IF YOU WILL. I DON'T CARE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BUT I'LL NOT HOLD YOU AS A SLAVE IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE. YOU'RE TOO GREAT A FIGHTER.
OH, I'LL BE BACK, MY FRIEND.
JUST TELL YOUR JUNGLE BROTHERS NOT TO PUT AN ARROW IN MY BACK!

THOUGH BLOODSTAR HAD LITTLE FAITH IN MY PEACE-MAKING SKILLS, MY PEOPLE WERE IMPRESSED — BOTH BY THE FEROCITY OF THE YELLOWHAIR WARRIORS AND THEIR SPARING OF MY LIFE. WITHIN A WEEK, OUR CLAN CHIEFS EMERGED FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE RATTLE OF THE SACRED DRUMS.

OUR PEACE DELEGATION TOOK THE AESIR BY SURPRISE. THE ENTIRE TRIBE WAS CALLED TO THE COUNCIL MOUND. A HUSH FELL OVER THEM AS THEY BEHELD BYRDAG'S WASTED FORM AND FEVER-RIDDEN COUNTENANCE.



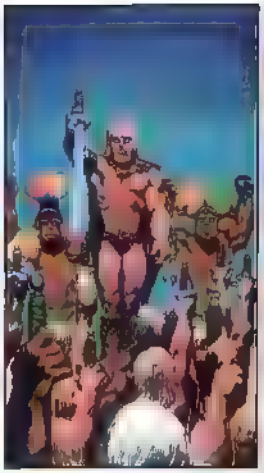


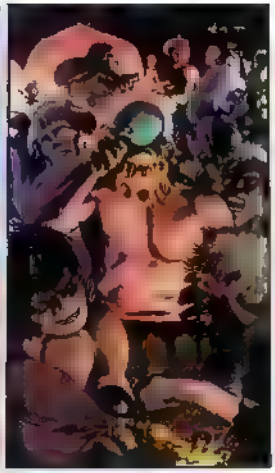
BLOODSTAR CHEERED THE NEW LEADER LIKE THE REST BUT HIS HEART WAS SAD AS HE WATCHED LOKNAR CARESS THE BAND OF LEADERSHIP. BLOODSTAR TURNED AND FOUND HELVA WATCHING HIM. THEIR EYES MET WITH AN INTENSE LONGING THAT COULD, IN A SINGLE INSTANT, UNITE THEM FOR ALL TIME.

HELVA TURNED AWAY, LOWERING HER HEAD AS A CRIMSON FLUSH OVERSPREAD HER FACE. SHE KNEW — AS DID HE — THEIR DESIRE WAS ALREADY DOOMED BY CUSTOM AND LAW. SHE — THE DAUGHTER OF AN AESIR WAR CHIEF — MUST GO VIRGINAL TO THE BED OF THE MAN ACKNOWLEDGED AS BYRDAG'S SUCCESSOR.

AND THOUGH HE HAD NO DESIRE TO BECOME A LEADER, BLOODSTAR REGRETTED IT WAS NOT HIS MASSIVE ARM THAT THE BAND OF POWER ENCIRCLED. HIS LOVE FOR HELVA WOULD FOREVER SMOULDER, UNFED, IN THE HEARTH OF HIS HEART.

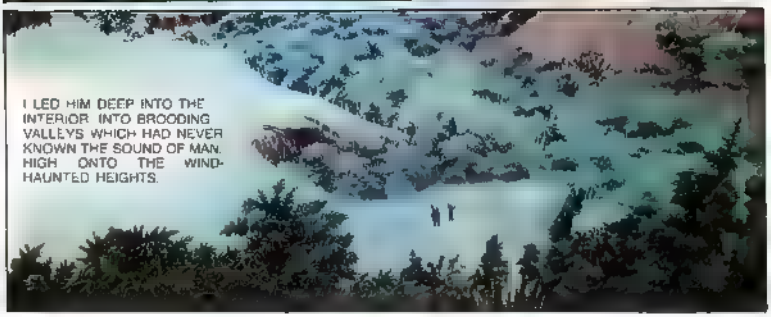
THAT NIGHT AS LOKNAR SAT UPON BYRDAG'S THRONE PEACE WAS MADE BETWEEN THE AESIR AND THE JUNGLE TRIBES. THE AESIR SWORE TO COLD YMIR WHILE MY PEOPLE MADE THEIR PACTS BY ZEG AND HIS NAMELESS CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.



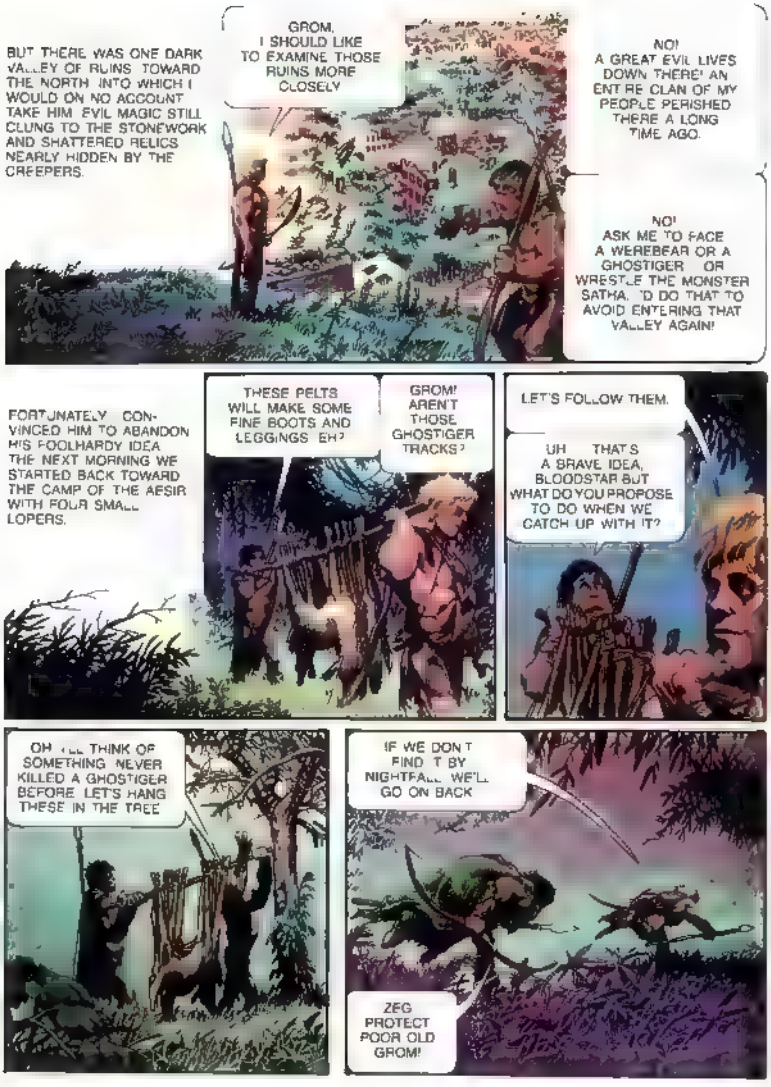


WE ALL SAT AROUND THE FIRES FEASTING AND DRINKING THE POTENT LIQUOR OF FERMENTED FRUIT. WHICH MADE US ALL SICK THEREAFTER WE LIVED PEACEFULLY WITH EACH [redacted]

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING OF LOKNAR AND HELVA CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT AMONG THE AESIR. BLOODSTAR SHUNNED THESE FESTIVITIES, PREFERRING TO HUNT THE SILENT JUNGLES WITH ME. I COULD NOT BLAME HIM.



I LED HIM DEEP INTO THE INTERIOR. INTO BROODING VALLEYS WHICH HAD NEVER KNOWN THE SOUND OF MAN. HIGH ONTO THE WIND-HAUNTED HEIGHTS.


BUT THERE WAS ONE DARK VALLEY OF RUINS TOWARD THE NORTH INTO WHICH I WOULD ON NO ACCOUNT TAKE HIM. EVIL MAGIC STILL CLUNG TO THE STONEWORK AND SHATTERED RELICS NEARLY HIDDEN BY THE CREEPERS.
GROM, I SHOULD LIKE TO EXAMINE THOSE RUINS MORE CLOSELY
NO! A GREAT EVIL LIVES DOWN THERE! AN ENTIRE CLAN OF MY PEOPLE PERISHED THERE A LONG TIME AGO.
NO! ASK ME TO FACE A WEREBEAR OR A GHOSTIGER OR WRESTLE THE MONSTER SATHA. I'D DO THAT TO AVOID ENTERING THAT VALLEY AGAIN!
FORTUNATELY CONVINCED HIM TO ABANDON HIS FOOLHARDY IDEA THE NEXT MORNING WE STARTED BACK TOWARD THE CAMP OF THE AESIR WITH FOUR SMALL LOPERS.
THESE PELTS WILL MAKE SOME FINE BOOTS AND LEGGINGS EH?
GROM! AREN'T THOSE GHOSTIGER TRACKS?
LET'S FOLLOW THEM.
UH THAT'S A BRAVE IDEA, BLOODSTAR BUT WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH IT?
OH I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. NEVER KILLED A GHOSTIGER BEFORE. LET'S HANG THESE IN THE TREE
IF WE DON'T FIND IT BY NIGHTFALL WE'LL GO ON BACK
ZEG PROTECT POOR OLD GROM!

THERE IT IS! I TOLD YOU THE TRACKS WERE FRESH
LOOK, BLOODSTAR, IT'S ABOUT TO ATTACK SOMETHING BY THE FALLS!
GREAT YMIR THAT'S HELVA
SHE'S DOOMED
GIVE ME YOUR SPEAR
NO BLOODSTAR! SHE'S LOST! YOU CAN'T KILL
HELVA RUN!
GROO
OUGH!
THUNK

THE GHOSTIGER SCREAMED IN PAIN AS IT BOUNDED TOWARD ITS ATTACKER. WATCHED WITH MY HEART IN MY MOUTH AS BLOODSTAR CLOSED THE GAP WITH GIGANTIC BOUNDS

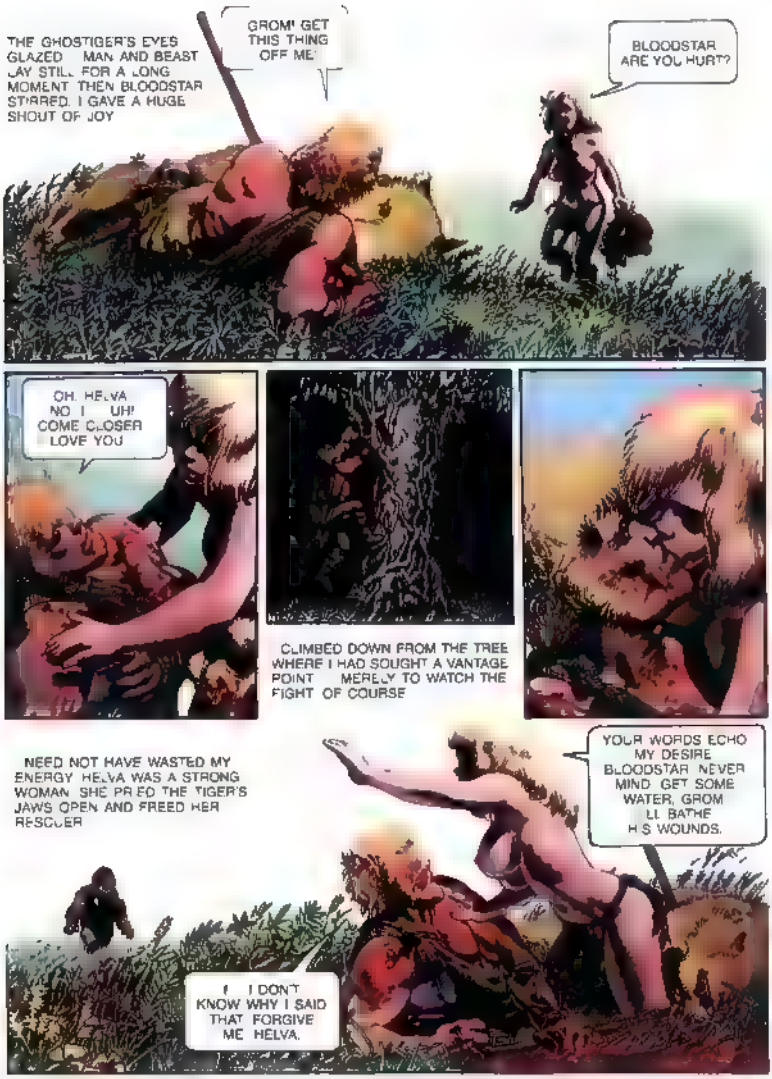
BLOODSTAR SPRANG AT THE FURRY TERROR

THE TIGER'S JAWS OPENED WIDE. HIS SPEAR CLASHED OFF A FANG AND PLUNGED ON DEEP INTO THE CREATURE S BRAIN. THE SWORDLIKE TEETH SWEPT DOWNWARD, RIPPING INTO BLOODSTAR S CHEST CLOSING ROUND HIS ARM.

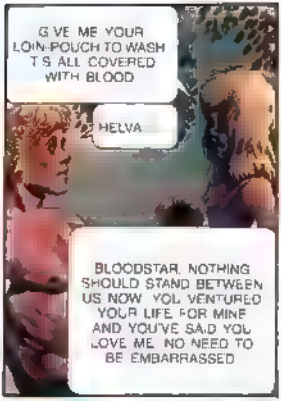
BLOODSTAR WENT DOWN BENEATH THE CREATURE SMASSIVE WEIGHT

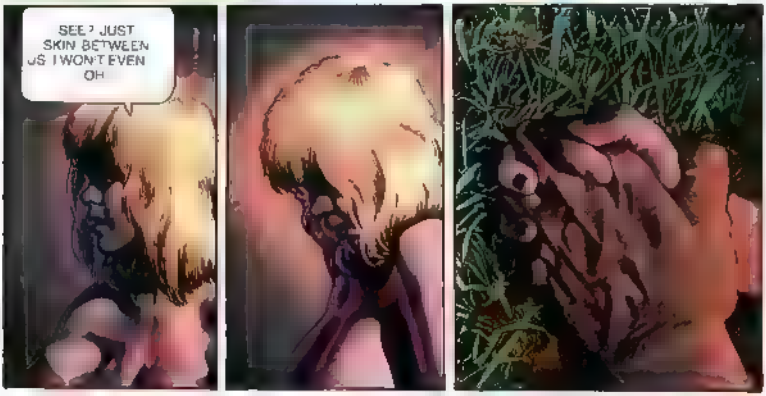
AND STILL THE DYING BEAST TRIED TO REND ITS PREY DRAWING UP ITS HIND LIMBS TO DISEMBOWEL HIS BLADE ROSE

A GOUT OF BLOOD SPURTED FORTH DRENCHING THE MAN WITH ITS ACRID WARMTH


THE GHOSTIGER'S EYES GLAZED MAN AND BEAST LAY STILL FOR A LONG MOMENT THEN BLOODSTAR STIRRED I GAVE A HUGE SHOUT OF JOY
GROM! GET THIS THING OFF ME!
BLOODSTAR ARE YOU HURT?
OH HELVA NO I UH! COME CLOSER I LOVE YOU
CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE TREE WHERE I HAD SOUGHT A VANTAGE POINT MERELY TO WATCH THE FIGHT OF COURSE
NEED NOT HAVE WASTED MY ENERGY HELVA WAS A STRONG WOMAN SHE PRIED THE TIGER'S JAWS OPEN AND FREED HER RESCUER
YOUR WORDS ECHO MY DESIRE BLOODSTAR NEVER MIND GET SOME WATER, GROM I'LL BATHE HIS WOUNDS.
I I DON'T KNOW WHY I SAID THAT FORGIVE ME HELVA.

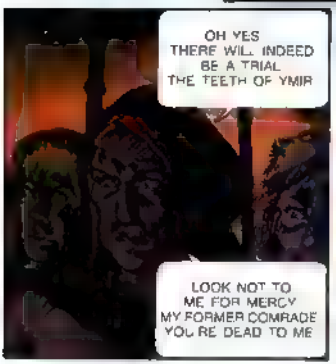
I WENT BACK TO RETRIEVE THE LOPERS WHILE I WAS GONE, SOMETHING OF FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCE OCCURRED BETWEEN BLOODSTAR AND HELVA THE NEARNESS OF THE GIRL S LUSH FIGURE WAS HAVING DEVASTATING CONSEQUENCES UPON HIS BODY


G VE ME YOUR LOIN-POUCH TO WASH T S ALL COVERED WITH BLOOD
HELVA
BLOODSTAR, NOTHING SHOULD STAND BETWEEN US NOW YOU VENTURED YOUR LIFE FOR MINE AND YOU'VE SAID YOU LOVE ME NO NEED TO BE EMBARRASSED



THE QUIET GLEN ECHOED TO THEIR CRIES OF PASSION
THEIR LOVE-DANCE ENDED THEY LAY INTERTWINED SUDDENLY THEY WERE AWARE OF HOSTILE EYES

THEY HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN AN ACT THAT VIOLATED AESIR CUSTOM. HELVA HAD BEEN PLEDGED TO WED LOKNAR. BUT NOW NO LONGER A MAIDEN, SHE WOULD BE CONSIDERED UNCLEAN FOR THE NEW CHIEF'S BED. LOKNAR HAD SEEN EVERYTHING. HIS FEATURES WERE TWISTED WITH RAGE AND JEALOUSY THOUGH HELVA COULD NOT BY PHYSICALLY PUNISHED, BLOODSTAR COULD



THE TEETH OF YMIR! ONLY THRICE BEFORE, IN BLOODSTAR'S LIFETIME, HAD THIS ORDEAL BEEN USED. AS HE WHISPERED TO ME, THOUGH NO ONE HAD EVER SURVIVED IT. HE VOWED HE WOULD. YMIR, HE SAID, KNEW THAT HIS LOVE FOR HELVA WAS GOOD. HE ASKED ME TO WATCH OVER HER AS THE GUARDS TOOK HIM OFF

TO BE CONTINUED

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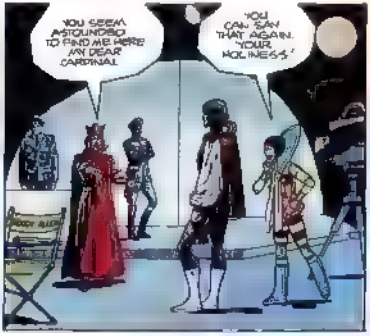
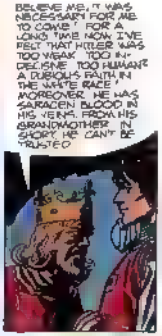
What Is Reality, Papa?

Hollywood was all aflutter last we saw. The townspeople were panicked at the recent trend in which actors throughout Univers-all were taking their roles all too seriously. Stuart, the troubled studio head was attacked and slain by a crazed motorcycle clan. Chimeen was kidnapped by two SS men, and Axle is believed to be the pope's envoy.

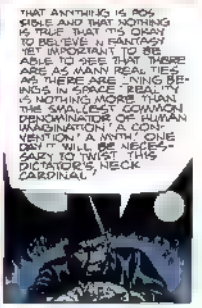
AXLE, THE GENERAL ATMOSPHERE ON THIS PLANET IS SOMEWHAT STRANGE. DON'T YOU THINK? PEOPLE SEEM TO LIVE IN VARIOUS ERAS IN HISTORY WHICH DON'T COINCIDE! AND WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE DOING ON A MOVIE SET?




BELIEVE ME, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO CONCEAL FOR A LONG TIME NOW, I'VE FELT THAT HITLER WAS TOO WEAK. TOO IN-DECISIVE. TOO HUMANE A DUBIOUS FAITH IN THE WHITE RACE! MOREOVER, HE HAS SARACEN BLOOD IN HIS VEINS. FROM HIS GRANDMOTHER. IN SHORT, HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED.

I'D LIKE TO IN-TRODUCE YOU TO MY BEST LIEUTENANTS.
BLOND WITH BLUE EYES, ARYAN AS YOU CAN SEE, HERMANN GOERING, RUDOLF HESS, MARTIN BORMANN, HEINRICH HIMMLER, MARSHAL KEITEL, DR. GOEBBELS, AND EVA BRAUN, THE QUEEN OF FRANCE!
OOOOHH! THE CATERPILLAR!!

YOU'VE BEEN BLESSED BY THE GODS, MONSIGNOR. IT IS SAID THAT HE WHO CARRIES 'ON HIS SHOULDER' IS ABLE TO GOVERN BETTER THAN ANY-ONE 'REALITY'.

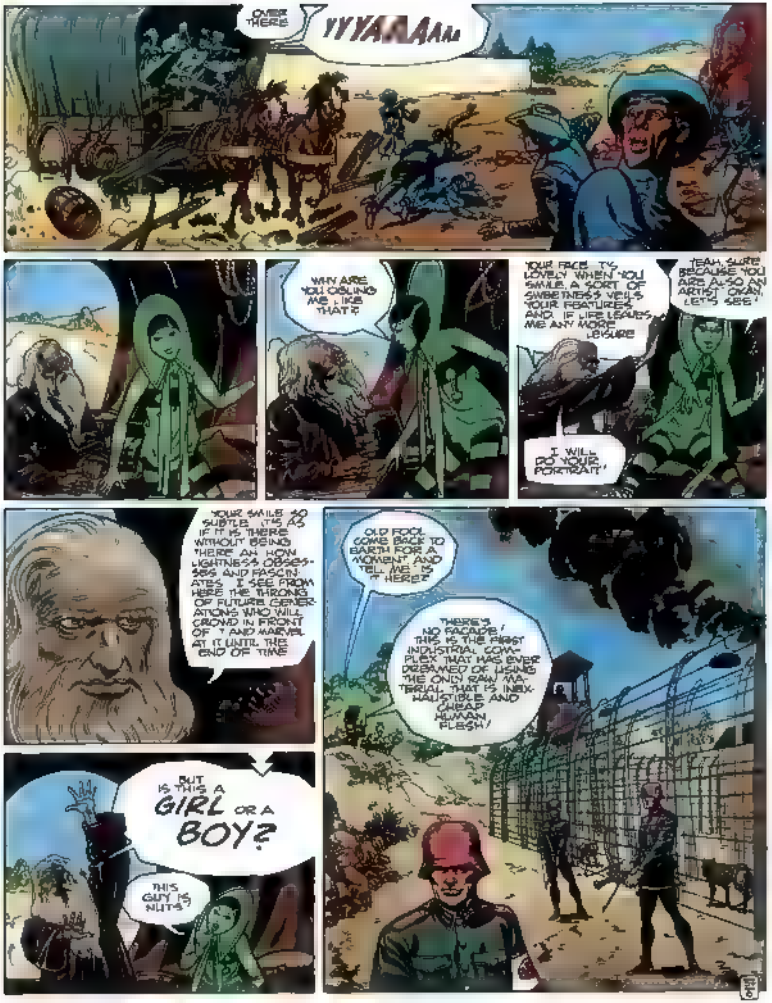

THAT ANYTHING IS POS-SIBLE AND THAT NOTHING IS TRUE. THAT IT'S OKAY TO BELIEVE IN FANTASY. YET IMPORTANT. TO BE ABLE TO SEE THAT THERE ARE AS MANY REALITIES AS THERE ARE LIVING BE-INGS IN SPACE. 'REALITY' IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE SMALLEST COMMON DENOMINATOR OF HUMAN IMAGINATION. A CON-VENTION. A 'MYTH'. ONE CAN WELL BE NECES-SARY TO TWIST THE DICTATOR'S NECK, CARDINAL.

LET'S GO! LET'S FORGET PHILOSOPHY, FOR A MOMENT! HOLY WAR SHALL WE TACKLE THE PROBLEMS THAT ARE BOTHERING YOU, DEAR FRIENDS?
POOR THING! IF ONLY HE KNEW!
FIRST OF ALL YOU CAN REASSURE THE POPE, WE'VE DECIDED TO SETTLE THE QUESTION ONCE AND FOR ALL. WE SHALL EXTERMINATE EVERY LAST SARACEN!
THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN REGISTERED BY MY GESTAPO MEN. WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE TRACKED DOWN, STOPPED AND IMPRISONED!
AS A MATTER OF FACT LEONARDO DA VINCI IS BUSY DEVELOPING SOME BOLD SCHEME AH, HERE HE IS NOW. TELL HIM, MY GOOD MASTER
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. IN ORDER FOR US TO WIPE THEM OFF THE MAP FOR GOOD, WE'VE PERFECTED AN INFALLIBLE STRATEGY. THE FINAL SOLUTION!
WHAT DOES IT CONSIST OF?
I AM A SCIENTIST! A MAN OF IDEAS! I HAVE INVENTED A WAR MACHINE BECAUSE THIS IS CERTAINLY A QUESTION OF WAR (PERHAPS EVEN A HOLY WAR) A MACHINE THAT IS NEW TO OUR WORLD— THE GAS CHAMBER!
GOD ENTRUSTED ME WITH THIS DIVINE MISSION OF WIPING OUT SARACENS AND HE CAN COUNT ON ME. WE'RE GOING TO WIPE OUT SARACENS
HEIL, SAINT LOUIS!

FROM THE ADRIATIC COASTS TO THE CASPIAN SEA MY TROOPS ARE GOING TO SPREAD OUT OVER THE SARACEN LAND THEY WILL PULVERIZE THEIR POSSESSIONS SWEEP THEM AWAY
LIKE STRAW, AND REGAIN THE SACRED TERRITORY!
I IMAGINED SOME SMALL WAR MACHINES-- WITH SOME KIND OF ROCKET TO WORRY THE ENEMY... I SH WHICH MAKES ME FEEL STRONG AND SECURE!
YOU'RE NOT AFRAID THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL GANG UP AGAINST US ARE YOU?
OH LALA NO!
WHY?
THE CATERPILLAR!
BAOUM
GIVE HIM TO ME!
HANDS OFF YOU LOON!
"YARDINAL" ENOUGH, ALREADY GET RID OF ALL THESE BUFFOONS AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE
I WAITED TOO LONG, I THINK!
KILL HIM!
ZATT
OH, JERUSALEM

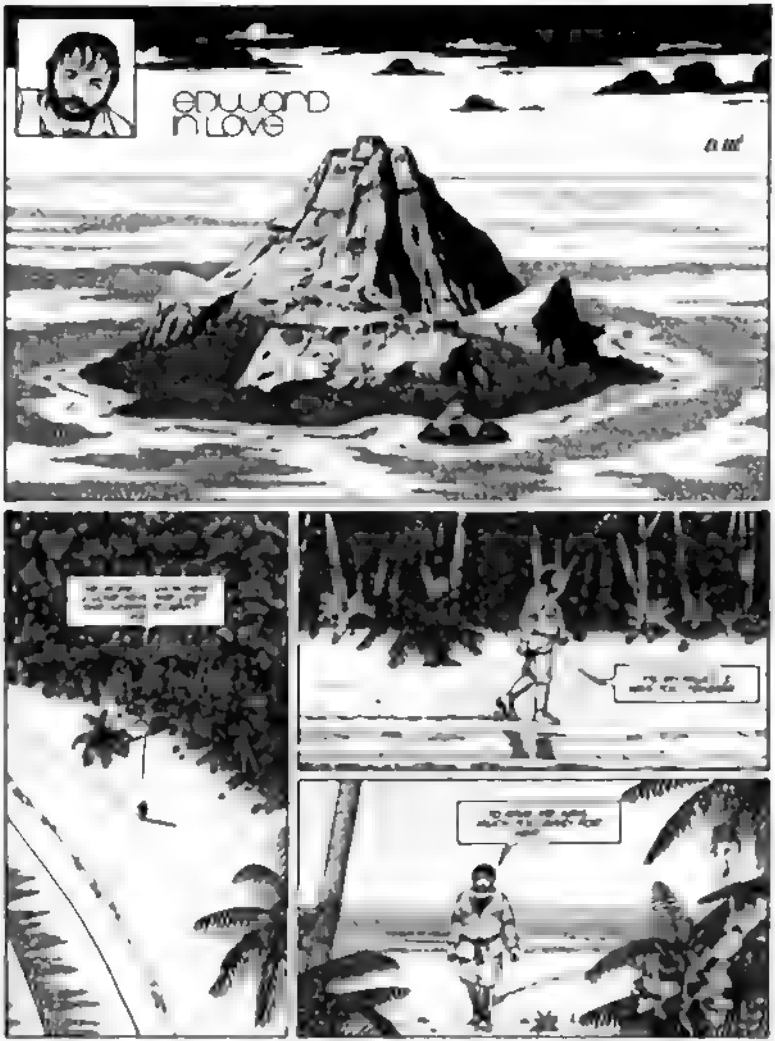
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GIVE MY SOUL TO THE LORD OUR GOD. SO, THAT HE CAN PICK IT UP IN HIS MANDOS I WANT TO BE LAID OUT ON A BED OF ASHES.
WHAT A FUNNY IDEA.
WE INSTEAD OF GAPING AT THE MOON, LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION AND SLIP AWAY. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
GOOD POINT. WE'LL TAKE THE TALKATIVES. KIND OF SMITH WITH US!
REALLY?
BUT WHO HOLD US BACK WITH THAT OLD GUY?
I HAVE MY REASONS.
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. THE KING'S DEAD.
SO, ACCORDING TO TRADITION
LONG LIVE THE KING!
YES, MY DEAR ENA VERY GOOD OF COURSE LONG LIVE THE KING MAYBE BUT WHICH ONE?
12
TCHAK
WE'RE LEFT WITH HITLER
WE COULD RELEASE HIM, DROP THE WHOLE THING
THAT'S TRUE THESE KINDS OF THINGS ARE DONE QUITE OFTEN.
EVEN MORE THAN PLACING HEADS OF STATE IN PRISON REMARKABLY PEOPLE TAKE THAT VERY WELL.
TOO LATE!
HE ESCAPED AND HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN LONDON!

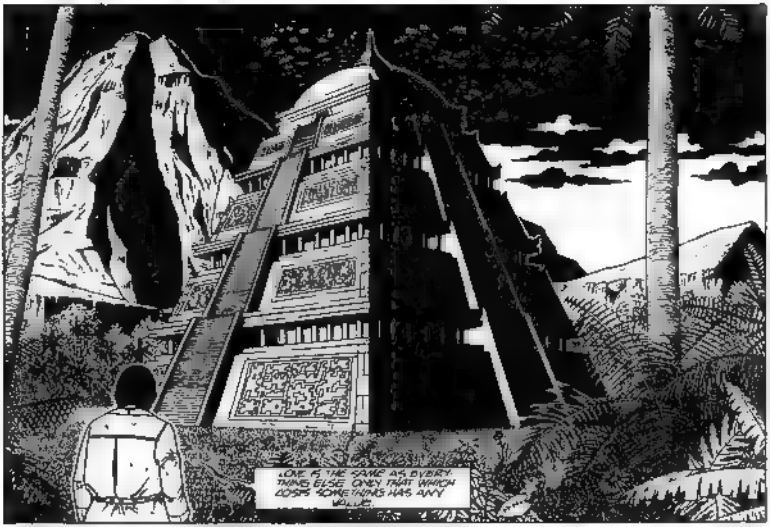
I HAVE HEARD THAT HE HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO ORGANIZE THE RESISTANCE AND THAT MANY ARE GETTING READY TO JOIN WHAT THEY CALL "FREE FORCES." I WAS EVEN INFORMED THAT HE WILL EVEN LAUNCH ONE SOLEMN CALL ON THE RADIO ON THE 18TH OF JUNE
I HAVE THE FEELING THAT THEY'RE GOING TO REMEMBER THIS FOR A LONG TIME AT WHITEHALL."
DISTRICT OF THE MINISTRIES IN LONDON
WHAT SHALL WE DO? GET THE SCOOTER BACK?
NO WAY! IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS! I THINK I SAW A WAY TO ESCAPE OVER THERE. A BIT ANTIQUATED, PERHAPS, BUT AT LEAST IT WILL ALLOW US TO GO UNNOTICED
BUT AXLE, YOU DAMNED DEMENTED KNUCKLEHEAD, WHERE SHALL WE GO?
LATELY, EVEN AFTER WAKING WHILE SLEEPING I'VE HAD THE SAME DREAM: I WAS BEING HELD PRISONER SOMEWHERE, BEHIND BARRIERS SPIKED WITH SHARP POINTS, CONSTRAINED IN A WORLD WHERE ALL TRUTHS WERE CONTRADICTED. SHE CRIED AND CALLED FOR ME AS SHE HELD OUT HER HANDS
A CAMP? OLD MAN, IS THERE ONE NEARBY?
I DESIGNED THE PLANS UP TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL, AND I SURVEYED THE CONSTRUCTION MYSELF. I MUST SAY THAT I AM ALSO AN ARCHITECT.
ONLY RENAISSANCE MEN, UNIVERSAL SPIRITS, IF THERE ARE ANY OF US LEFT, COULD PRIDE THEMSELVES ON WHOAAA!
LEAD US TO IT.

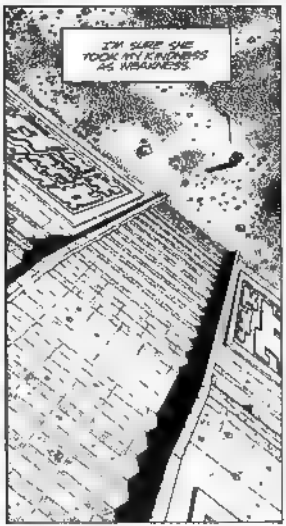

OVER THERE!
YYYAAAAAA
WHY ARE YOU OBLIVIOUS ME, LIKE THAT?
YOUR FACE IS LOVELY WHEN YOU SMILE. A SORT OF SWEETNESS VEILS YOUR FEATURES. AND IF LIFE LEAVES ME ANY MORE LEISURE
I WILL DO YOUR PORTRAIT!
YEAH, SURE BECAUSE YOU ARE ALSO AN ARTIST, OKAY, LET'S SEE!
YOUR SMILE SO SUBTLE, IT'S AS IF IT WERE THERE WITHOUT BEING THERE. AN ICON LIGHTNESS OBSESSES AND FASCINATES. I SEE FROM HERE THE THRONGS OF FUTURE GENERATIONS WHO WILL CROWD IN FRONT OF IT AND MARVEL AT IT UNTIL THE END OF TIME
OLD FOOL COMES BACK TO EARTH FOR A MOMENT AND TELL ME: IS IT HERE?
THERE'S NO DOUBT! THIS IS THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX THAT HAS EVER DREAMED OF USING THE ONLY RAW MATERIAL THAT IS INEXHAUSTIBLE AND CHEAP: HUMAN FLESH!
BUT IS THIS A GIRL OR A BOY?
THIS GUY IS NUTS
MOEBIUS

YOU MAN LEAVE, YOU OLD FOOL. WE NO LONGER NEED YOU!
GO CONSTRUCT, PAINT OR INVENT ELSEWHERE AND I HOPE THAT YOUR GENIUS SMOTHERS YOU AND EVERY ONE LIKE YOU.
LEAVE! NOW
BUT THAT SMILE
GET OUT OF HERE! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF YOU, CRAZY OLD MAN!
TCHOCK
AYAA..
FINE! BUT I WON'T BE FAR! I'LL WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD AND WITH GOOD SOLID CUTTING INSTRUMENTS WILL SEE WHAT YOU ARE MADE OF RIFFRAFF!
BECAUSE I AM A BIOLOGIST AS WELL!
WHAT IS THAT DEVICE THERE?
A PRIMITIVE OPTICAL LENS THAT I FOUND IN A CASE IN THE BACK OF THE CHARIOT
PFF! A PIECE OF JUNK! YOU CAN'T SEE A WHOLE LOT WITH IT!
CAN'T BE POSSIBLE! A NAMELESS HORROR CAN BE SEEN THERE
A MAN'S HEART, LITTLE CLOWN!

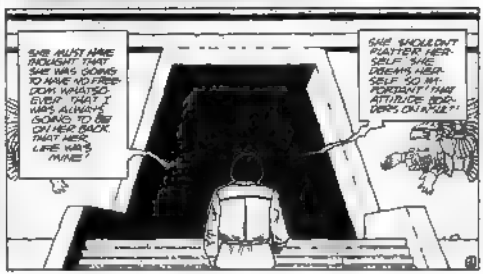
TO BE CONTINUED

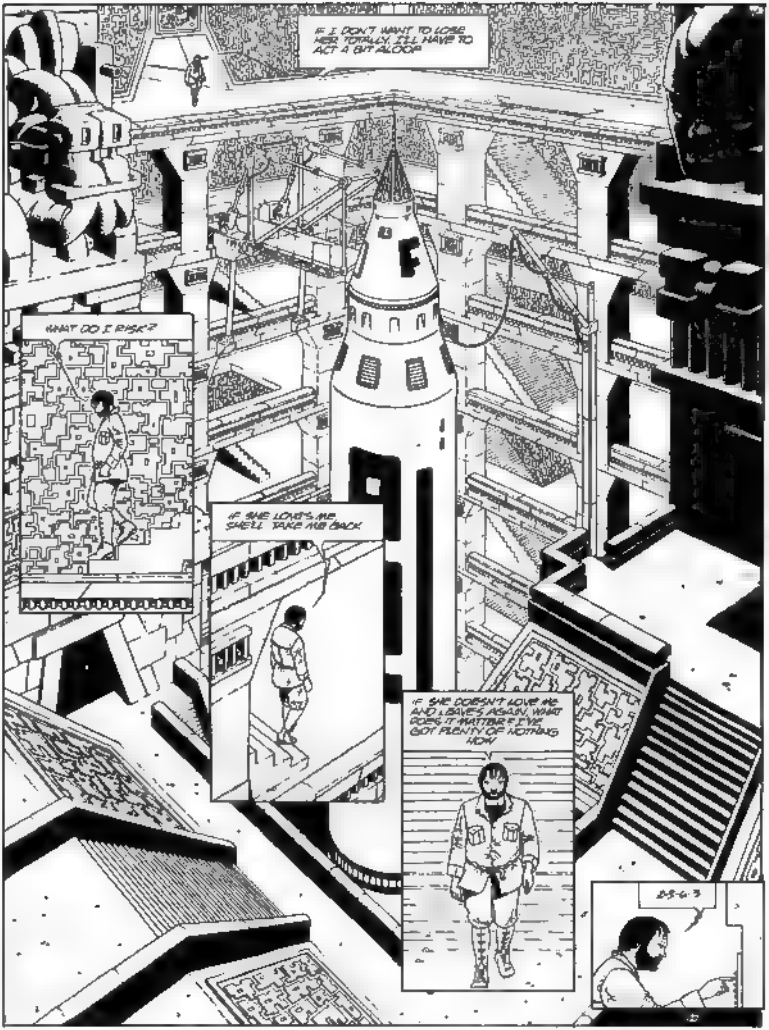

onward
in Love

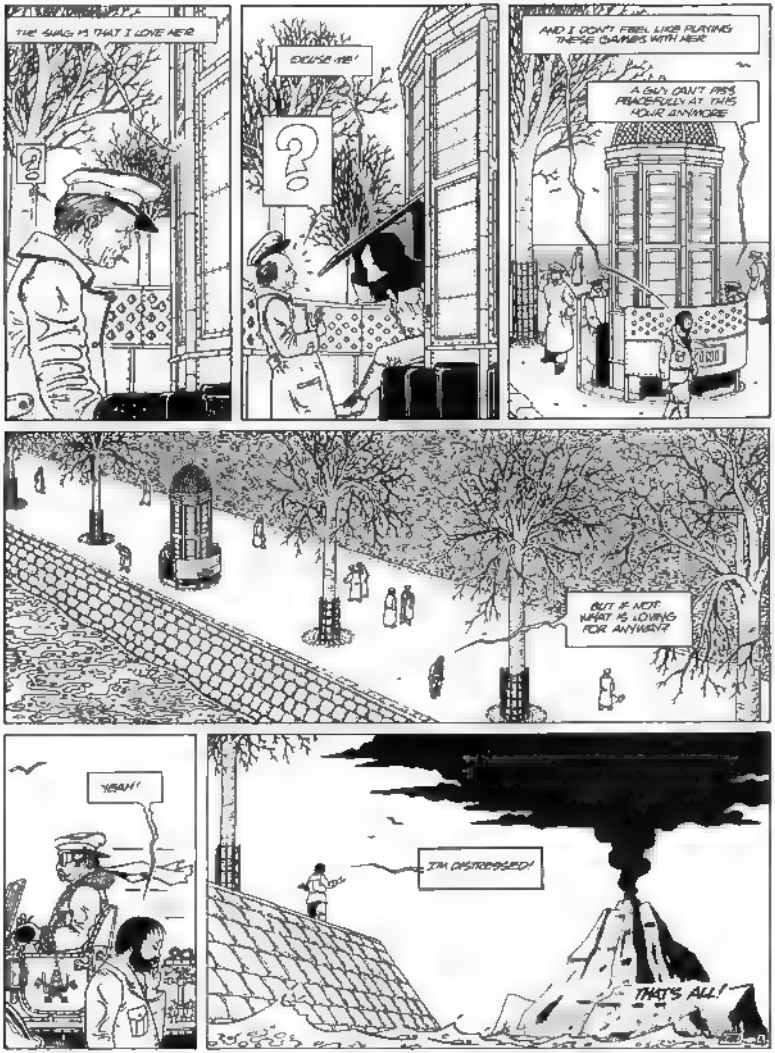

LOVE IS THE SAME AS EVERY THING ELSE. ONLY THAT WHICH LOSES SOMETHING HAS ANY VALUE.


I'M SURE SHE TOOK MY KINDNESS AS WEAKNESS.

I MUST REALIZE, HOWEVER, THAT THE FACT THAT I WAS ALWAYS AVAILABLE TO HER COULD HAVE FRIGHTENED HER OFF!

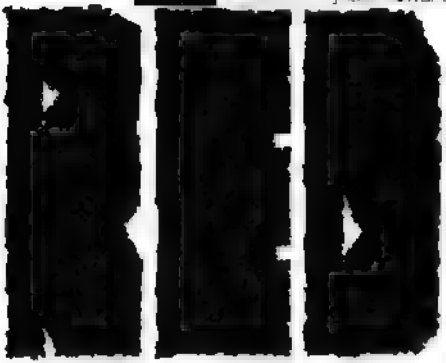

SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE NO FREEDOM WHATSOEVER. THAT I WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE ON HER BACK. THAT HER LIFE WAS MINE!
SHE SHOULDN'T FLATTER HERSELF. SHE DREAMS HERSELF SO IMPORTANT! THAT ATTITUDE BOTHERS ON A FILE!!

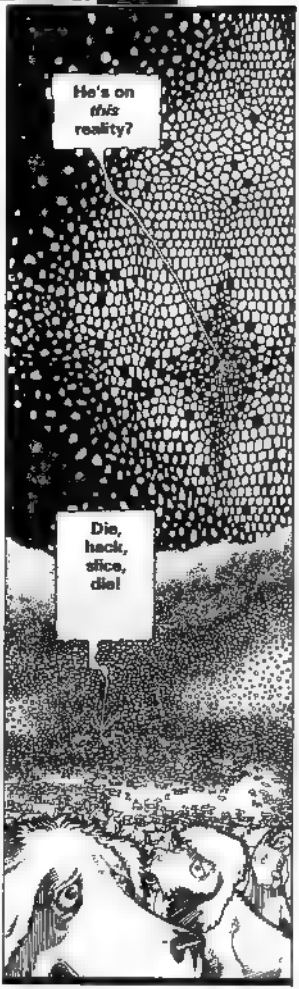

IF I DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER TOTALLY, I'LL HAVE TO ACT A BIT ALOOF
WHAT DO I RISK?
IF SHE LOVES ME SHE'LL TAKE ME BACK
IF SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME AND LEAVES AGAIN, WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I'VE GOT PRETTY OF NOTHING NOW!
B-B-G-3


THE SWAG IS THAT I LOVE HER
EXCUSE ME!
?
AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING THESE GAMES WITH HER
A GUY CAN'T PASS PEACEFULLY AT THIS HOUR ANYMORE
BUT IF NOT, WHAT IS LOVING FOR ANYWAY?
YEAH!
I'M DISTRESSED!
THAT'S ALL!

Changes

Matt Howarth

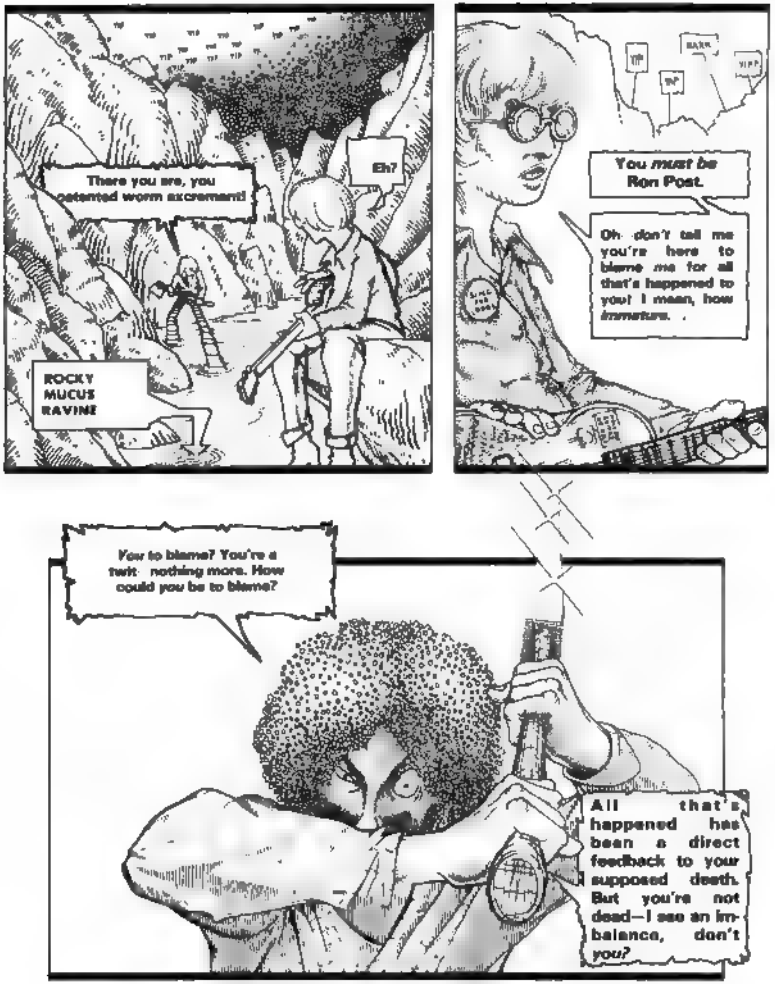




Out of my way, ya worthless bags of shit!
Ron!

Don't make things worse, Ron!
Duke's friends, no doubt.

Ron?


There you are, you petented worm excrement!
Eh?
ROCKY MUCUS RAVINE
You must be Ron Post.
Oh don't tell me you're here to blame me for all that's happened to you! I mean, how immature. .
You to blame? You're a twit nothing more. How could you be to blame?
All that's happened has been a direct feedback to your supposed death. But you're not dead—I see an imbalance, don't you?

No!
I'm just here to *correct* the balance!
Oh, you senseless moron—you needn't have gone to all the trouble! He had a rare, unknown blood disease and would've died tomorrow anyway. You mango!
I *told* you he'd've looked better this way!
NEXT: paranoia grips the Bitch

arsenic & Silken Incest
Oh! you are really in trouble this time
SKETCH NO. 1
Doctor I need your help!
Go away
Go away? My life is in danger --Ron Poor is out to kill me! And you tell me to go away? To die, Doctor? Die?
Bulldogg
I come to you because I know you'd be strong and kill him for good for me because you love me
because I'll And you'll you do it
I'm a very very weak man
PRESS
NEXT: the advent of the Mind Parasites

FEAR NOT YOUR ENEMIES

by Harlan Ellison

John Lennon's on the menu. The worms are having him for dinner.

It's a fucking banquet. Martin Luther King. Bobby Kennedy. Jake Easter. Sara Ritscoff. Stella Walsh. Lyman Bostock. Michael Malberstam. and one hundred and fifty assorted nonentities slaughtered each week every week, here in our much democracy. Nonentities, that is, to all but the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, children, lovers, and friends to whom each of those nonentities meant something.

I'd have included JFK in that list, but we all know *that* externalive ticker punch was part of a giant conspiracy.

And I don't want to bother with pitiful little conspiracies that include only maybe the C.I.A., the Mafia, the F.B.I., the Dallas police, Communists, and anti-Castro terrorists. That kind of conspiracy is shirred eggs and squashed potatoes. What I like dealing with is the *big* conspiracy, the one you're part of.

Thought we didn't know you were high up in the order of the big cabal, didn't you? Through we didn't notice, right? Well, we noticed, so don't go slobbering over the loss of a fun session, you cowardly punk. Don beat your breast as you stand out here in the cold, behind the NYPD sawhorses across the street from the Dakota, kiddo. We're onto you, and as far as I'm concerned you're as guilty as Mark David Chapman is of pumping those four shots into Lennon's back.

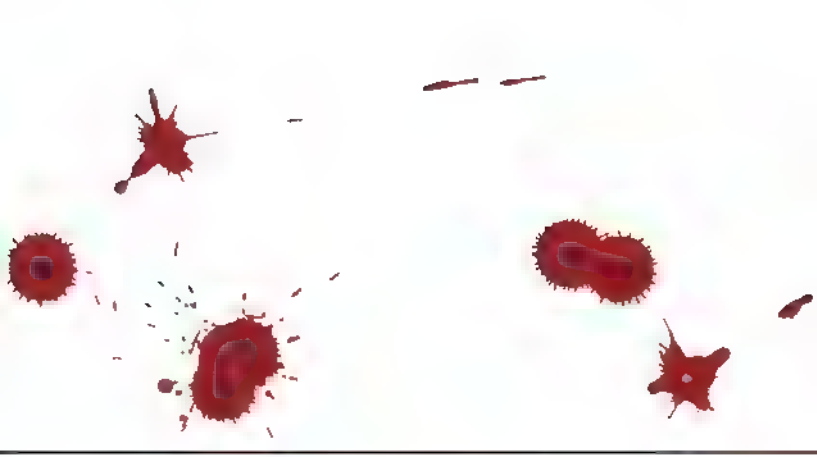
You didn't cry for sixty-nine-year-old ex-Olympic star Stella Walsh on December 4 when some sonofabitch left her facedown in the parking lot of a discount department store in Cleveland's near east side, wiping out the sixty-two track records she set as her extremely worthy lifetime. You didn't cry when Lake Easter was blown away on March 29, 1979, outside the Cleveland Trust, probably because you didn't give a shit that that old black man hit seventy-five home runs in two months in 1949 and played a lot of first base for the Indians. You didn't cry for twenty-three-year-old Sarah Ritscoff, senselessly shot to death in the course of a petty holdup outside Chez Helene in L.A.'s Venice section, most likely because she was Susan of Abe Ritscoff's niece *and* a Jew *and* a newspaper reporter, and hell, that's three strikes right there: no pity for the rich, the powerful, the vocal, and the members of the international Money Conspiracy. And you're probably wailing over Lennon only because it's in the air and gives you a chance to vent some of your fear and frustration. But you belong to the big cabal, chum, and we see through your disingenuous sorrow.

You started your membership sucking up the $18 gun ads in copies of *The Incredible Hulk* and *Batman* comics. You paid dues every time you sat in a movie theater and watched the lever sick violence of *Dressed to Kill* and *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* and went down the line proclaiming wasted crap like that to be "high art" as do some of our more prominent brain-damaged film critics. You rose up the ranks every time you accepted the eloquent vocabulary of a bullet in the gut or a punch in the mouth as the final statement of any argument on "Starsky & Hutch" or "Charlie's Angels." So now you're a fully paid-up, card-carrying psychotic, dining on the wonderful full-color panels in *Heavy Metal* that show some poor slob with his head blown apart like a cashaba melon.

And you're as much against gun control as our chief executive. Mr. Reagan. And you know what he said, there I was at Chapman's charter Arms .38 special had its say? Well, Ronnie said: "I've never believed that gun-control laws would help reduce violence. I believe in the kind of legislation we had in California. If somebody commits a crime and carries a gun when doing it, add five to fifteen years to the prison sentence."

I'm glad so many of you voted for that kind of assholic thinking, Mr. Reagan's terrific pro-gun gun-regulation law is so effective that Los Angeles has become Murder City, homicides for the first seven months of 1980 were over 800 in the city proper and over 1,400 in the county.

Reagan, you crepuscular old fart, what the hell is wrong with you? Who gives a damn how many Chapmans tees up in the slammer *Lennon is dead*, you pudding brain. *Dead.* Revenge don't beat the bulldog. Chapman wasn't some armored mugger making his living in the streets ripping off wallets and TV sets. He was a nut, like all the other nuts who commit a murder every twenty-four minutes, night and day, every day of the year in this country. When the hell will you read the statistics, Reagan. When will you realize that over 50 percent of all the gun savings every year are committed not by the dreaded outpost thriller-inspired urban alley killer out to friends and relatives, the angry lovers and total strangers when you screwed them out of



a parking space or gave them the finger in a moving car? Fifty percent and more stupid accidents where a ten-year-old kid sprays his brain matter across the bedroom wall playing with Daddy's surrogate penis, the bureau-drawer Luger heat-of-passion arguments in which your girl friend opens up your stomach so your intestines start unwinding on the carpet like a Duneworld sandworm; deadly misunderstandings like the one that killed baseball star Lyman Bostock, a case of mistaken identity that didn't mean a damn because Bostock was on the menu.

How about that, gentle reader out there crying because Lennon bit the dust, how about that you're a member of the big conspiracy headed by Uncle Ronnie? You like the tag?

Don't give me no shit about how you ain't in on it. Chuckles. You're in on it. Because if you weren't, you'd be doing something about it, instead of sitting there on your ass growing lesions on your brain watching television and putting all that good dope down your neck and reading half-witted sci-fi trash and eating junk food till you're too lazy to get out of the chair to take a dump. If you weren't part of the conspiracy to keep the National Rifle Association one of the biggest goddamn lobbies in Washington, you'd be sending all your spare cash to Handgun Control, a citizens lobby in Washington. [Handgun Control, Incorporated's address is 810 18th Street N.W. Washington, D.C. 20006.

And don't hide behind that God-fearing pobbledygook, either. I've had it up to here with Reverend Jerry Falwell and Ernest Angely and Billy Graham and all the rest of those TV clowns perverting the tenets of the Judeo-Christian ethic with their nonspecific mumble about moral rectitude. They want to censor books and movies and TV and magazines to fit some ancient worn-out idea of purity, but all those fundamentalist millions who'll deluge a sponsor with vengeful letters because some model exposed her thigh in an advertisement won't lift a finger or a buck to beat the NRA lobby at its own game. And you know why: because all those Christ shouters own guns... or if they don't, they actually believe that the Constitution gives any dip who can sign his or her name to a handgun application the right to own a .357 Magnum.

I do not think it coincidence that Mark David Chapman was into flying saucers, acid, Jesus worship, pistol-firing tests, and cultism. The moment the news flash broke in on the radio, the night Lennon was shot, I said to Jane, "You watch: he'll turn out to be a Christer." And sure enough.

Because that's all the same game.

It's removal from reality. And only a step or two from "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord" to seeing oneself as the instrument of that vengeance. Who knows what leper's soup steams in Chapman's cauldron of a brain? And who cares? If he hadn't been able to get a gun in Hawaii so easily he might not have been able to get Lennon so simply. Yeah, I know: he could have knifed him, garroted him, bit him with a two-by-four. But not from five feet away. Yeah, people kill people... with guns.

I have no tears in me for John Lennon. I've used them all up on King and Kennedy and a woman I once loved who was raped and then murdered—with a handgun—in the parking lot of a bowling alley in the San Fernando Valley.

So you can dry your public show of misery. I'll heavymetal babies. When it's fashion time for roller disco or cowboy boots or electronic war-gaming or free basing or whatever the panhandlers have in store to separate you from your bucks next season, you'll forget. And you'll renew membership in the big conspiracy.

Let me leave you with these words from the Polish poet Edward Yashinsky, who survived a Nazi prison camp only to die in a Russian one: "Fear not your enemies, for they can only kill you; fear not your friends, for they can only betray you. Fear only the indifferent, who permit the killers and betrayers to walk safely on the earth."

And don't write no shitty letters telling me how *concerned* you are and how dare I defame all the good li'l heavymetal babies out there with Teflon'd nostrils who simply *abhor* violence. Send some money to Handgun Control in Washington, punk.

Or cop to being one of the indifferent members of the big conspiracy that killed John Lennon. Goo goo goo-yoob.

Or as John once wrote *Happiness is a warm gun*. ●

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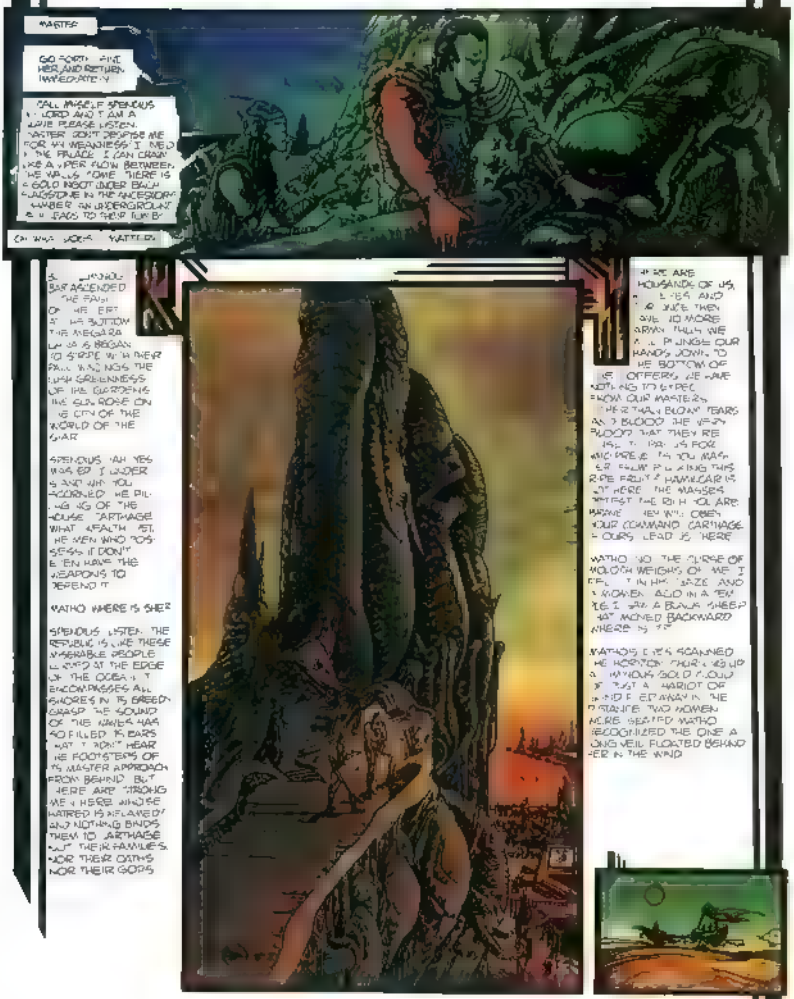
SALAMMBO

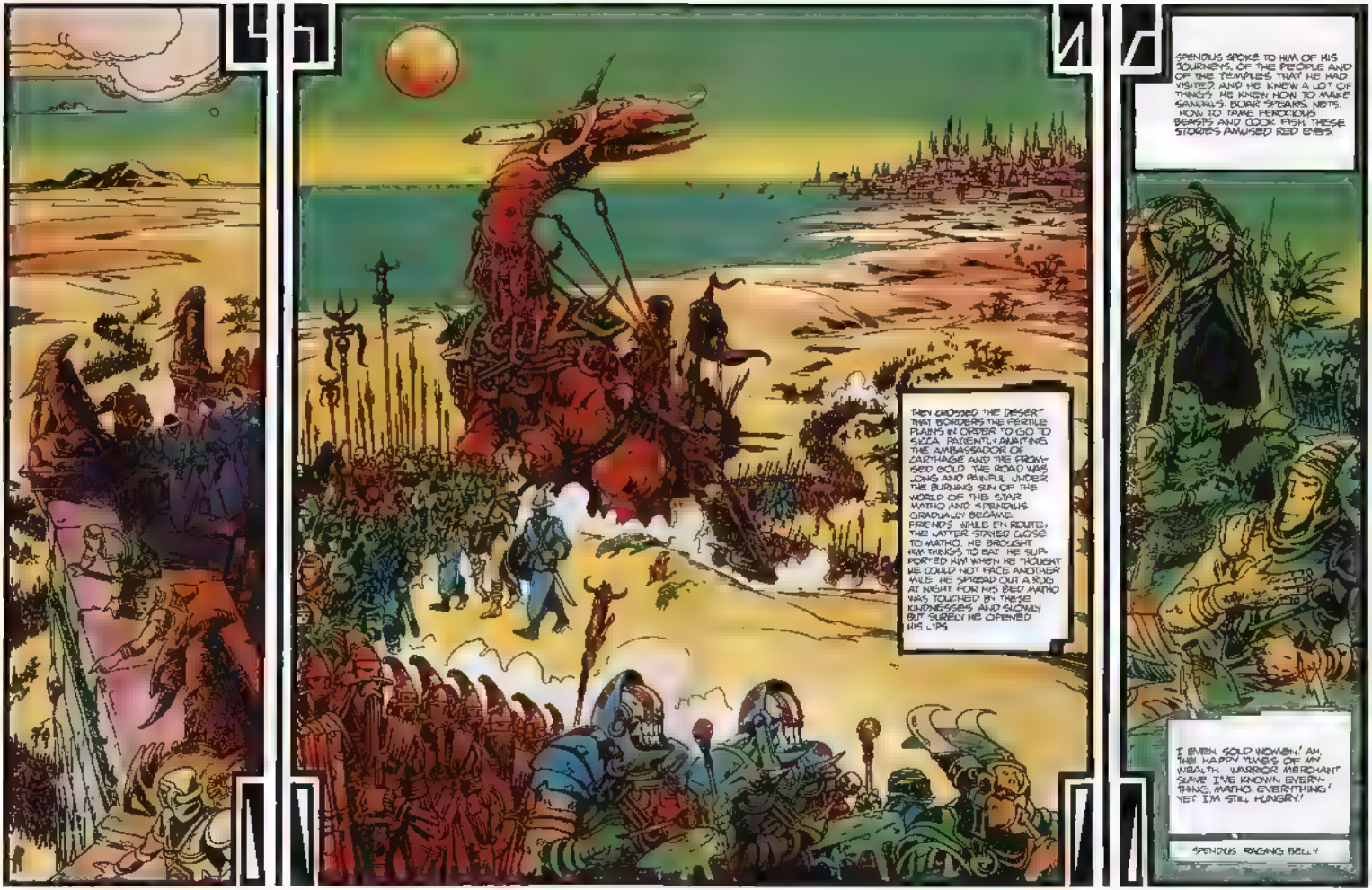
In the anniversary of the Eryx battle, the council held a huge banquet for the troops who had fought in that war. During the festivities Salammbo, the daughter of Hamilcar, appeared. She was lovely, swirls of incense surrounded her as she spoke to the men and captivated each and every one of them—especially two. Of these, one was Narr'Havas, a Numidian prince, the other, a nameless yet legendary tribal leader.

SALAMMBO!


MASTER
GO FORTH AND HEED AND RETURN IMMEDIATELY
CALL MASTER SPENDIUS LORD AND I AM A MAN PLEASE LISTEN MASTER DON'T DESPISE ME FOR MY WEAKNESS I NEED THE FRUADE I CAN CRAWL LIKE A VIPER FLOW BETWEEN THE WALLS COME THERE IS GOLD NOT UNDER BOLT UNDERSTONE IN THE MOUNTAIN NUMBER AN UNDERGROUND SLAVES TO THEIR MASTER
OH WHO LOOKS BATTLE
SPENDIUS HAS DESCENDED THE PALACE OF HE EFT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MEGARA AS HE BEGAN TO STROLL WITH HER PALL WAS NOW THE HIGH GREENNESS OF THE GLORIOUS THE SUN ROSE ON THE CITY OF THE WORLD OF THE WAR
SPENDIUS HAIL YES MASTER I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SCORNED ME PILLARS OF THE HOUSE CARTHAGE WHAT WEALTH ST HE MEN WHO POSSESS IT DON'T BELIEVE HAVE THE WEAPONS TO DEFEND IT
MATHO WHERE IS SHE?
SPENDIUS LISTEN THE REPUBLIC IS LIKE THESE MISERABLE PEOPLE CURLED AT THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN IT ENCOMPASSES ALL ENDURES IN ITS BREED GRASP THE SOUND OF THE WAVES HAS FILLED ITS EARS BUT IT WON'T HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS OF ITS MASTER APPROACH FROM BEHIND BUT HERE ARE STRONG MEN HERE WHOSE HATRED IS INFLAMED AND NOTHING BINDS THEM TO CARTHAGE NOT THEIR FAMILIES NOR THEIR OATHS NOR THEIR GODS
HERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US SLAVES AND SO WE'RE THEN WE'LL BE MORE ARMY THEN WE PLUNGE OUR HANDS DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OFFERS WE HAVE NOTHING TO EXPECT FROM OUR MASTERS THEIR TEARS AND BLOOD WE SPILL BLOOD THAT THEY RESPECT THEIR FOR WHICH WE FOR THEIR MASTER FALL IN YOU MAN PLUNGING THIS HERE FELL HAMILCAR IS NOT HERE THE MANSES AFTER THE RICH SOLARE BRAVE NEW WILL OBEY YOUR COMMAND CARTHAGE IS OURS LEAD US HERE
MATHO NO THE CURSE OF MOLOCH WEIGHS ON ME I FEEL IN HIS GAZE AND I WOMEN ALSO IN A FEW I AM A BLACK SHEEP NOT MOVED BACKWARD WHERE IS SHE?
MATHO'S EYES SCANNED THE HORIZON THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT SOLDIERS OR CHARIOT OR HORSE FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANCE TWO WOMEN WERE SEATED MATHO RECOGNIZED THE ONE A DARK VEIL FLOATED BEHIND HER IN THE WIND

TWO DAYS LATER THE MERCENARIES LEFT CARTHAGE. EACH ONE HAD BEEN GIVEN A PIECE OF GOLD ON THE CONDITION THAT THEY WOULD GO TO CAMP AT SICCA. THEY HAD BEEN FLATTERED WITH ALL SORTS OF FLATTERY. "YOU ARE THE SAVIORS OF CARTHAGE. BUT YOU WILL STARVE IT BY STAYING THERE. IT WILL BECOME INSOLENT. GET AWAY. LATER THE REPUBLIC WILL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR COMPLIANCE. WE WILL COLLECT THE TAXES IMMEDIATELY. YOUR PAY WILL BE COMPLETED AND THEN WILL FURNISH THE GALLEYS THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR FATHERLAND." THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND TO SO MANY SPEECHES. THESE MEN, ACCUSTOMED TO WAR WERE BORED DURING THEIR STAY IN THE CITY. THE GOVERNMENT HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN CONVINCING THEM AND THE PEOPLE CLIMBED UP ON THE WALLS TO SEE THEM GO

WITH MY LANCE AND SWORD I LABOR AND HARVEST. I AM THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE. THE UNARMED MAN FALLS TO MY KNEES AND CALLS ME LORD AND GREAT KING.
THEY WERE HAPPY TO BE BACK TO NORMALCY. THEY HEARD A GREAT CRY BEHIND THEM. THEY BELIEVED THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAD REMAINED IN THE CITY (THEY HAD NO IDEA HOW MANY THERE WERE) WERE MAKING A LAST RANSACKING ATTEMPT. THE IDEA AMUSED THEM AS THEY SORTLED IN THEIR ARMOR AS THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE RECEDED INTO THE DISTANCE.


THEN CROSSED THE DESERT THAT BORDERS THE FERTILE PLAINS IN ORDER TO GO TO SICCA PATIENTLY AWAITING THE AMBASSADOR OF CARTHAGE AND THE PROMISED GOLD. THE ROAD WAS LONG AND PAINFUL UNDER THE BURNING SUN OF THE WORLD OF THE STAR MATHO AND SPENDIUS GRADUALLY BECAME FRIENDS WHILE EN ROUTE, THE LATTER STAYED CLOSE TO MATHO. HE BROUGHT HIM THINGS TO EAT. HE SUPPORTED HIM WHEN HE THOUGHT HE COULD NOT FACE ANOTHER MILE. HE SPREAD OUT A RUG AT NIGHT FOR HIS BED. MATHO WAS TOUCHED BY THESE KINDNESSES AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY HE OPENED HIS LIPS
SPENDIUS SPOKE TO HIM OF HIS JOURNEYS, OF THE PEOPLE AND OF THE TEMPLES THAT HE HAD VISITED AND HE KNEW A LOT OF THINGS. HE KNEW HOW TO MAKE SANDALS, BOAR-SPEARS, NETS. HOW TO TAME FEROCIOUS BEASTS AND COOK FISH. THESE STORIES AMUSED RED EYES.
I EVEN SOLD WOMEN! AH, THE HAPPY TIMES OF MY WEALTH. WARRIOR MERCHANT SLAVE. I'VE KNOWN EVERYTHING, MATHO. EVERYTHING! YET I'M STILL HUNGRY!
SPENDIUS RAGING BELLY

THE FIEND AS MATHO AND HAMO'S SCISSED THE REST OF THE ARMY TO SEE IF HE NOTICED HIS ABSENCE AMONG THE MASS OF HARRIWAS. THE FACE OF THE WARDENS MATHO TREMBLED

YOUR SWORD! I WANT TO KILL HIM

NOT YET WAIT AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS

FORGIVE ME, MESTARE, MATHO THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF THIS YEAST MADE ME CRAZY I HATE CARTHAGE DEEPLY, TOO, AND I WANT PEACE BETWEEN US. FORGET ALL OF THE PAST AND LET'S WALK TOGETHER. WE TWO BROTHERS

I ACCEPT THESE WORDS OF PEACE HARRIWAS WELCOME

AND YOU, COME TO BETHAYIS, OR ELSE TO BE... FOR THE REPUBLIC WE SHALL CAUTION AGAINST YOUR PRESENCE." AND FUTURE PREACHERS. MINOJAN

MATHO'S LIGHTS WERE TERRIBLE. HUNTED BY THE WRATH OF TANIT AND SCORNED BY SALAMBO HE WANDERED

ARE YOU SUFFERING? WHAT DO YOU NEED? ANSWER ME, MASTER

MATHO "LISTEN, THIS IS THE WRATH OF THE GODS. THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR A PLAY SLIPS ME SOMETHING. I AM AFRAID SPENDIUS. TALK TO ME I AM SICK I WANT TO BE CURED I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING BUT OIL PERHAPS YOU KNOW STRONGER LIQUIDS OR HOME IRRESISTIBLE INCANTATION."

SPENDIUS "TO DO WHAT?"

MATHO "TO GET RID OF HER FOR ME"

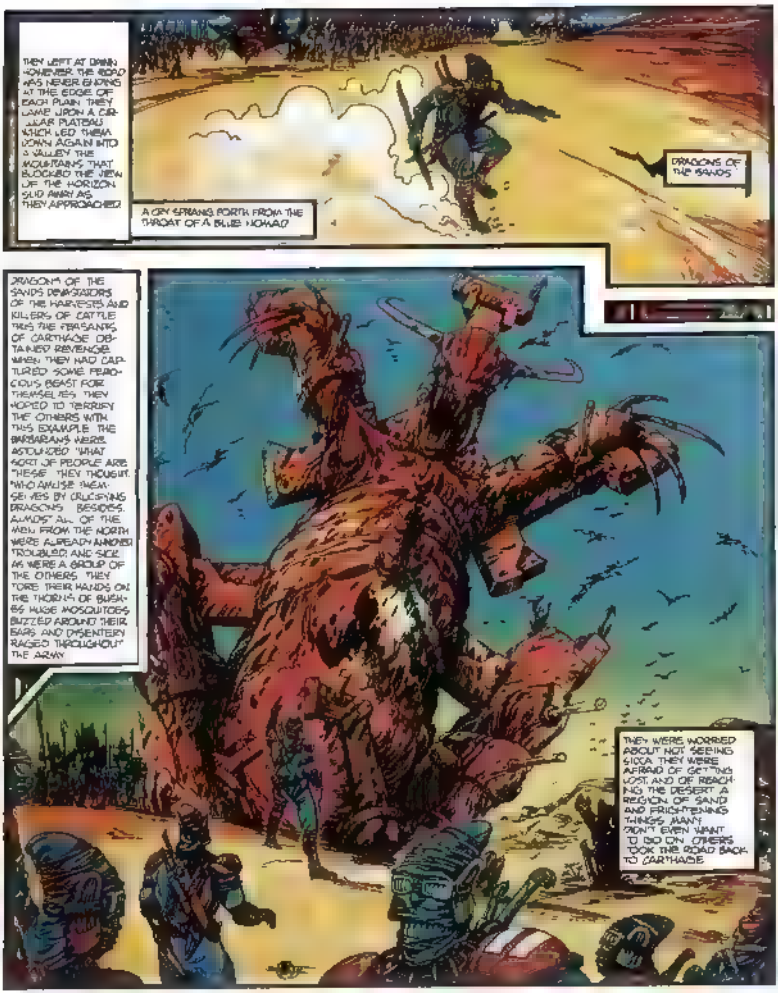
SPENDIUS "IF SHE WEREN'T THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR"

MATHO "NO! SHE IS NOTHING LIKE ANY OTHER WOMAN'S WOMAN. DID YOU SEE HER BIG EYES UNDER HER EYEBROWS LIKE SUN UNDER TANIT? AMINA "MOTHER" REMEMBER WHEN SHE APPEARED NOW ALL THE TORCHES PALED HER BREASTS "A TIERED BETWEEN THE DRAPES" THE "DOOR OF THE TEMPLE TRAILED BEHIND HER AND SOMETHING EMANATED FROM HER AN AURA THAT WAS SMOOTHER AN WINE, YET MORE TERRIBLE THAN DEATH SHE WALKED HOWEVER AND THEN SHE STOPPED

XXXXX MAGIC GLOOM

BUT I WANT HER I NEED HER I'M DYING FOR HER AT THE IDEA OF EMBRACING HER IN MY ARMS, A FLUROR OF JOY CARRIES ME AWAY YET I HATE HER SPENDIUS I'D LIKE TO BEAT HER! WHAT DO I DO? I WANT TO SELL MYSELF AND BECOME HER SLAVE YOU WERE ONE YOU SAW HER TELL ME ABOUT HER EVERY NIGHT SHE GOES UP ON THE TERRACE OF HER HOME DOESN'T SHE? AH THE STONES MUST TREMBLE UNDER HER SANDALS AND THE STARS LEAN DOWN TO SEE HER I WANT HER SPENDIUS I WANT HER!!"

THE END


THEY LEFT AT DAWN. HOWEVER, THE ROAD WAS NEVER EVIDENT AT THE EDGE OF EACH PLAIN THEY CAME UPON A CIRCULAR PLATEAU WHICH LED THEM DOWN AGAIN INTO A VALLEY. THE MOUNTAINS THAT BLOCKED THE VIEW OF THE HORIZON SLID AWAY AS THEY APPROACHED.
A CRY SPRANG FORTH FROM THE THROAT OF A BLUE NOMAD
DRAGONS OF THE SANDS
DRAGONS OF THE SANDS DEVASTATORS OF THE HARVESTS AND KILLERS OF CATTLE. THUS THE PEASANTS OF CARTHAGE OBTAINED REVENGE. WHEN THEY HAD CAPTURED SOME FEROCIOUS BEAST FOR THEMSELVES, THEY HOPED TO TERRIFY THE OTHERS WITH THIS EXAMPLE. THE BARBARIANS WERE ASTOUNDED. "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE THESE?" THEY THOUGHT. "WHO AMUSE THEMSELVES BY CRUCIFYING DRAGONS. BESIDES, ALMOST ALL OF THE MEN FROM THE NORTH WERE ALREADY ANOTHER TROUBLED AND SICK AS WERE A GROUP OF THE OTHERS. THEY TORE THEIR HANDS ON THE HORDA OF BUSHES. HUGE MOSQUITOES BUZZED AROUND THEIR EARS AND DISENTERY RAGED THROUGHOUT THE ARMY.
THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT NOT SEEING GISCA. THEY WERE AFRAID OF GETTING LOST AND OF REACHING THE DESERT, A REGION OF SAND AND FRIGHTENING THINGS MANY DON'T EVEN WANT TO GO ON. OTHERS TOOK THE ROAD BACK TO CARTHAGE

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Art: Larry Lynott

ART/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses Civilian Defense; while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest. "The Horny Goof" an enthusiastic Medieval character gets himself in and outta trouble, while "Bloodstar," "What is Reality, Papa?," Salammbo, and Rock Opera continue. Plus Special artist attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book. Yesterday's Lily, and an interview with the man himself. 82+ Magic. ($3.00)

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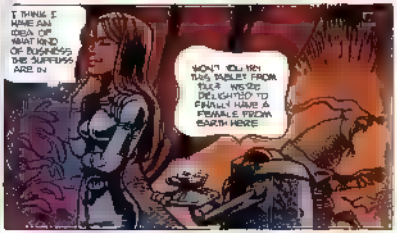
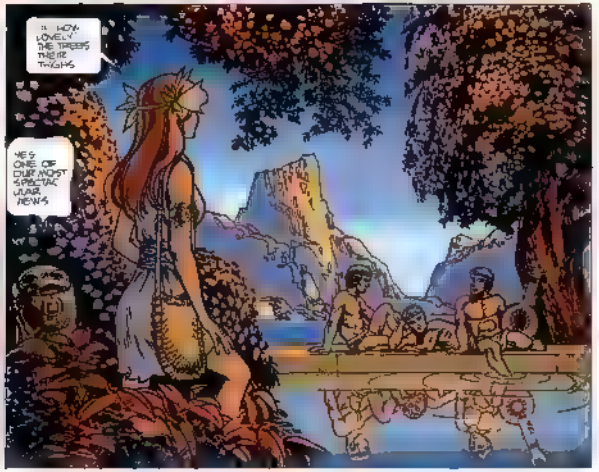
The Ambassador of the Shadows
Valerian: Time-Space Agent

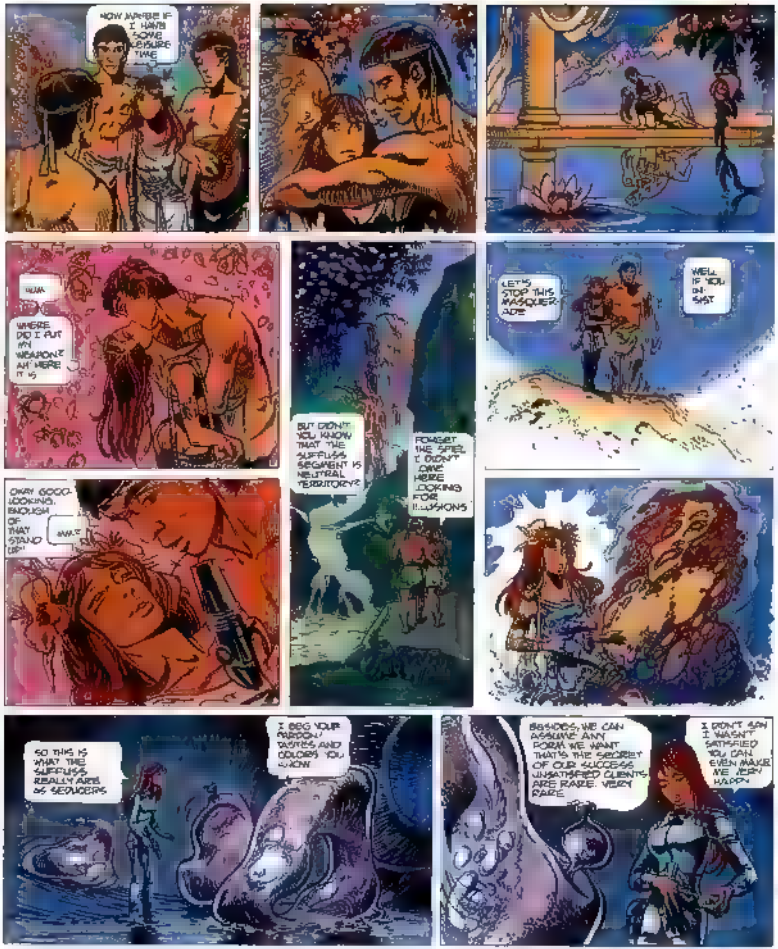
by J. C. Mezieres and P. Christin

In search of Valerian and the ambassador, Laureline and Colonel Dol do a bit of high-price bargaining for a map (not a complete one, we may add) of Central Point. While on their quest, they meet up with the Kamuneka, a quasi-friendly tribe, who are willing to aid them in their search—for a price, that is.

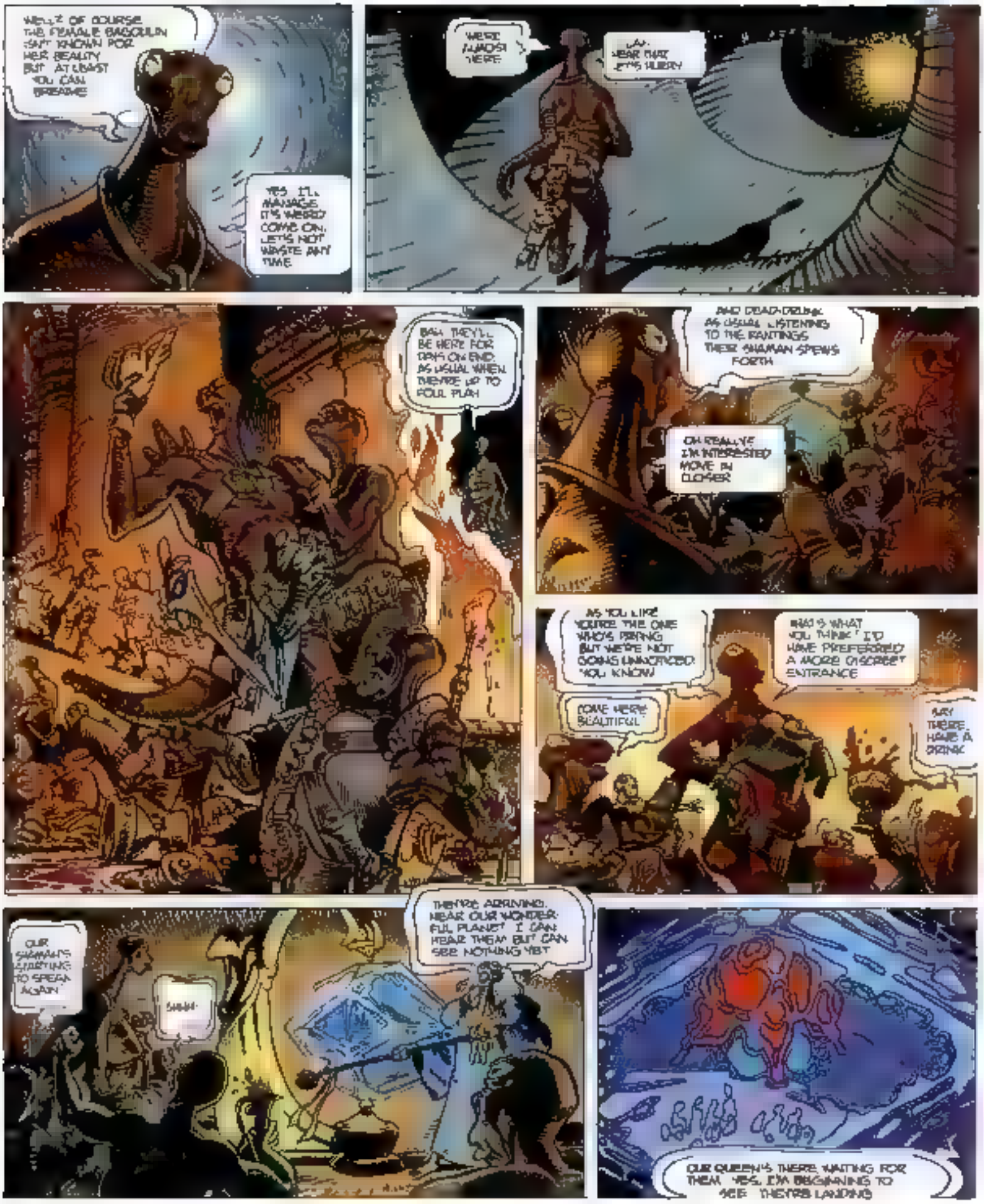

I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS THE SURFERS ARE IN
WON'T YOU MEN TAKE TABLE FROM OUR HOSTS DELIGHTED TO FINALLY HAVE A FEMALE FROM EARTH HERE

OUR ENTRANCEMENT SIMULATOR IS RE-CREATING ALL THE CHARMS AND DELIGHTS OF EARTH'S BYGONE DAYS. WE GENERALLY RECEIVE NUMEROUS COMPLIMENTS FROM OUR GALANTLY GUESTS. THIS WAY PLEASE
POOR VALER. ALL HE DOES HE KNEW!

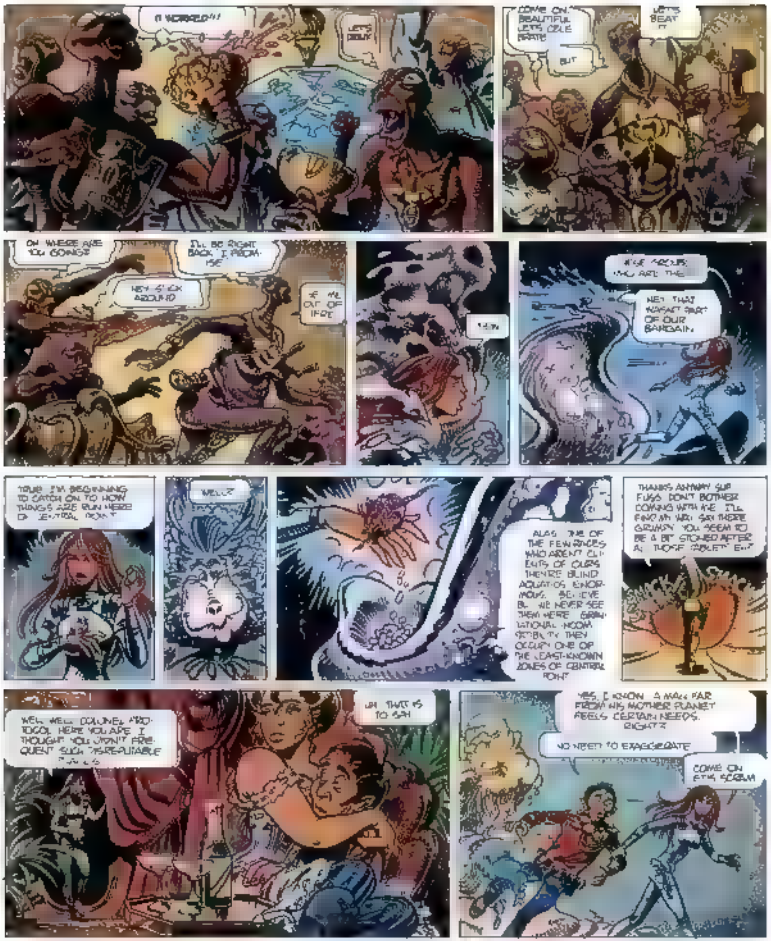


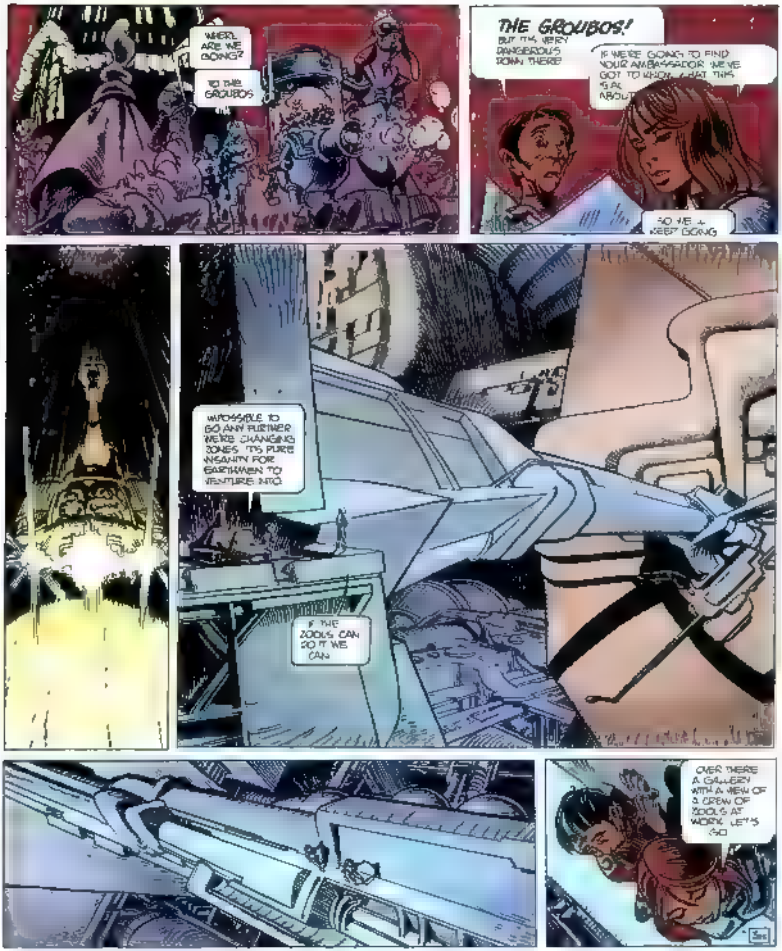

NOW MAYBE IF I HAVE SOME LEISURE TIME
HUH
WHERE DID I PUT MY WEAPONS AH HERE IT IS
BUT DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE SUBTERRAL SEGMENT IS NEUTRAL TERRITORY?
FORGET THE SPIES, I DON'T CARE HERE LOOKING FOR ILLUSIONS
LET'S STOP THIS MASQUERADE
WELL IF YOU INSIST
OKAY GOOD-LOOKING, ENOUGH OF THAT STAND UP!
AAAA!
SO THIS IS WHAT THE SUCCUBUS REALLY ARE AS SEDUCERS
I BEG YOUR PARDON! PASSES AND COLORS YOU KNOW
BESIDES, WE CAN ASSURE ANY FORM WE WANT THAT'S THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS. UNSATISFIED CLIENTS ARE RARE. VERY RARE.
I DON'T SAY I WASN'T SATISFIED YOU CAN EVEN MAKE ME VERY HAPPY

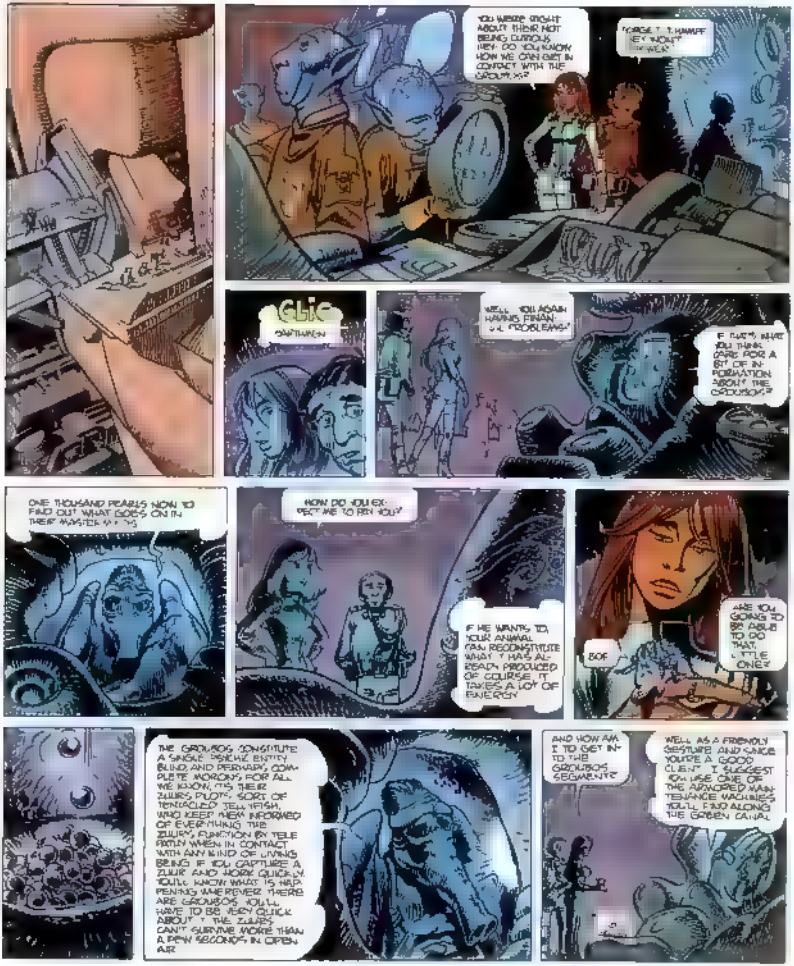
HOW MUCH FOR A SMALL SERVICE?
NATURALLY WE ACCEPT ALL CURRENCIES BUT FLOWERS IS GOING WELL AND WE DON'T NEED
DOES LITTLE ANIMAL CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING OTHER THAN MONEY
I'M WELL AWARE OF COURSE WHAT YOU TABLETS FROM TIL ARE GETTING TO BE MORE AND MORE EXPENSIVE ITS A STRAIN ON OUR BUDGET AND
UMM
I WAS TOLD THE BASCULIANS WERE CELEBRATING HERE IN YOUR SEGMENT I WANT TO SLIP INTO THEIR MIDST LISTEN TO WHAT THEY SAY IS THAT POSSIBLE?
UMM [illegible] AS USUAL THE ENTIRE GROUP IS HERE AND GUESS THEIR RITUAL FEASTS THEY TEND TO GET OVEREXCITED!
WELL RATHER DIFFICULT BUT POSSIBLY OF INTEREST TO YOU, IT CONCERNED ME THEN WERE TALKING ABOUT TWO EARTHMEN
AHEM ACTUALLY IT'S BASY BUT WE LOATHE BE-COMING SUCH MEMOOS OUR SEG-MENT IS KNOWN FOR ITS INTEGRITY
ALL RIGHT AM YOU LIKE IF YOU'RE ISLIPS ENOUGH I'M READY TO OFFER YOU A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE NOW IF YOU'LL AL-LOW ME I'LL SEE TO IT
JUST A SECOND LET ME PUT AWAY MY AFFECTIONATE LITTLE FRIEND
OOPS
M READY BUT WATCH OUT HEY? NO DIRTY TRICKS
DON'T WORRY M DEAR ONLY YOU MAY BE IN FOR A SURPRISE

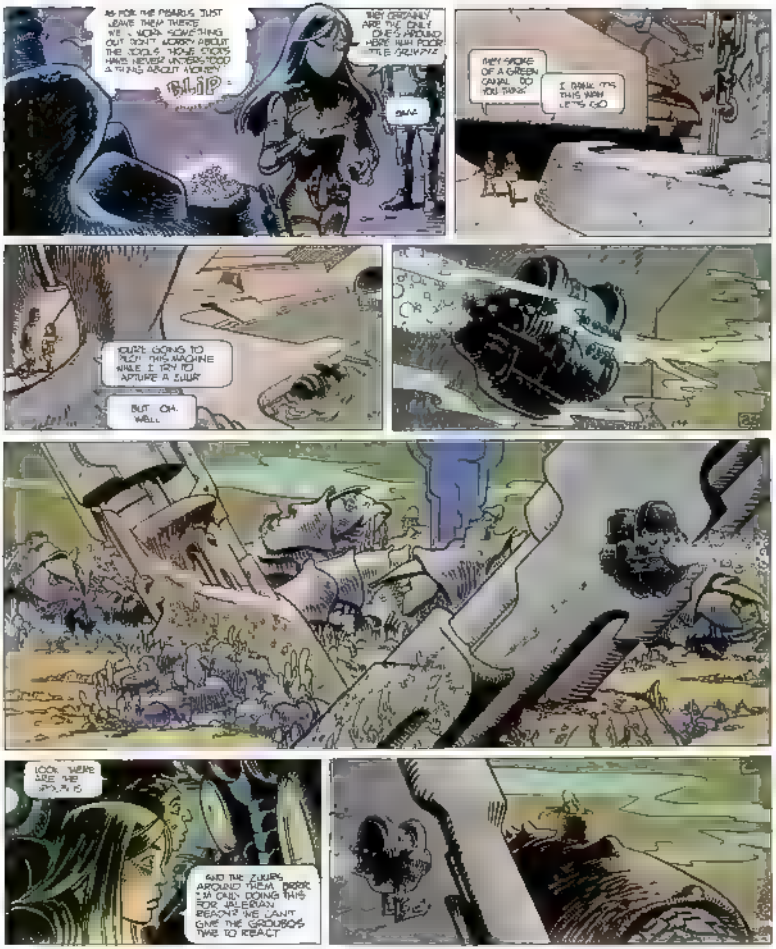

WELL? OF COURSE THE FEMALE BASQUILIN ISN'T KNOWN FOR HER BEAUTY BUT AT LEAST YOU CAN BREATHE
YES IT'LL MANAGE. IT'S WEIRD COME ON. LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME
THERE I WONDER WHERE
AH. I HEAR THAT IT'S HURRY
BAH THEY'LL BE HERE FOR DAYS ON END. AS USUAL WHEN THEY'RE UP TO FOUL PLAN
AND DEAD-DRUNK AS USUAL LISTENING TO THE RANTINGS THEIR SHAMAN SPEWS FORTH
OH REALLY? I'M INTERESTED MOVE IN CLOSER
AS YOU LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S PAYING BUT WE'RE NOT GOING UNNOTICED YOU KNOW
COME HERE BEAUTIFUL
WAS THAT WHAT YOU THINK I'D HAVE PREFERRED A MORE DISCREET ENTRANCE
MAY THERE HAVE A DRINK
OUR SHAMAN'S STARTING TO SPEAK AGAIN
SHHH
THEY'RE ARRIVING. NEAR OUR WONDERFUL PLANET I CAN HEAR THEM BUT CAN SEE NOTHING YET
OUR QUEEN'S THERE WAITING FOR THEM. YES, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THEY'RE LANDING

THEY'RE COMING OUT AND OUR QUEEN IS PLEASED
BUT ONE OF THEM IS UNWANTED. SHOULD HE BE KILLED?
OUR QUEEN IS WRESTLING THE MATTER WITH HER SUPERNATURAL MACHINATIONS. SHE IS OBSERVING THE EARTHLINGS AND PLANS TO
JULIAN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
BE QUIET
HE IS DRINKING SHORT FOR IN THE LAKE OF PERFUMED WATERS
THE GARGUBOS ARE WAITING TO GO WHERE THEY MUST
OUR QUEEN HAS DECIDED SHE WILL SPARE HIS LIFE
HE'S BEING ABSORBED BY A TENTACLED CREATURE HE IS SINKING INTO THE SWEET SCENTED LAKE
OUR ROYAL QUEEN
THE HEROES AND THE LAKE IS OPENING TO ALLOW THE GARGUBOS TO SAVE WITH THEIR BOUNTY.


A WORRIED?!!
LET'S DEAL!
COME ON BEAUTIFUL LET'S CALL IT EVEN
BUT
LET'S BEAT IT
OH WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK I PROMISE
HEY! LOOK AROUND
GET ME OUT OF HERE
HUH
WHO ARE YOU, AND ARE THEY...
HEY! THAT WASN'T PART OF OUR BARGAIN.
YOU'RE I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON TO HOW THINGS ARE RUN HERE IN CENTRAL POINT
WELL?
ALAS, ONE OF THE FEW SPECIES WHO AREN'T ELITE OF OURS THEY'RE BLIND AQUATIC ENORMOUS, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE NEVER SEE THEM HERE. GRAVITATIONAL ANOMALY PERHAPS. THEY OCCUPY ONE OF THE LEAST-KNOWN ZONES OF CENTRAL POINT
THANKS ANYWAY SUE FUGS DON'T BOTHER COMING WITH ME. I'LL FIND MY WAY. SAY THERE GRUMPY, YOU SEEM TO BE A BIT STICKED AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS! EH?
WELL, WELL, COLONEL ARDIGO! HERE YOU ARE I THOUGHT YOU WON'T FIND QUEST SUCH UNREPUTABLE PLACE
UH, THAT IS TO SAY
YES, I KNOW. A WALL FAR FROM HIS MOTHER PLANET FEELS CERTAIN NEEDS. RIGHT?
NO NEED TO EXACERBATE
COME ON GIRL, SCRUM


WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO THE GROUBOS
THE GROUBOS!
BUT ITS VERY DANGEROUS DOWN THERE!
IF WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR AMBASSADOR WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT
SO WE JUST KEEP GOING
IMPOSSIBLE TO GO ANY FURTHER WE'RE CHANGING ZONES. IT'S PURE INSANITY FOR EARTHMEN TO VENTURE INTO
IF THE ZOOLS CAN DO IT WE CAN
OVER THERE A GALLERY WITH A MESH OF A CREW OF ZOOLS AT WORK. LET'S GO


YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEIR NOT BEING CURIOUS. WE'D BETTER KNOW HOW WE CAN GET IN CONTACT WITH THE GROUPS, SIR
"SORRY, I HAVEN'T KEY YOUR MEAN"
GLIC
"ANYTHING"
"WELL, YOU AGAIN HAVING FINAN. [illegible] PROBLEMS"
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BARE FOOT, FOR A BIT OF IN-FORMATION ABOUT THE GROUPS, SIR?
ONE THOUSAND PEARLS NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON IN THEIR MASTER'S MIND
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO RUN YOU?
IF HE WANTS TO, YOUR ANIMAL CAN RECONSTITUTE WHAT I HAS ALREADY PRODUCED OF COURSE IT TAKES A LOT OF ENERGY
ARE YOU GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT, LITTLE ONE?
BOF
THE GROUPS CONSTITUTE A SINGLE PSYCHIC ENTITY BLIND AND PERHAPS, COMPLETE MORONS, FOR ALL WE KNOW, THE ZILLERS, PLUTS, SORT OF TENTACLED JELLYFISH, WHO KEEP THEM INFORMED OF EVERYTHING THE ZILLERS FUNCTION IN TELEPATHY WHEN IN CONTACT WITH ANY KIND OF LIVING BEING IF YOU CAPTURE A ZILLER AND BE QUICK, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING WHEREVER THERE ARE GROUPS. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE VERY QUICK ABOUT IT. THE ZILLERS CAN'T SURVIVE MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS IN OPEN AIR
AND HOW AM I TO GET IN TO THE GROUPS SEGMENTS?
WELL, AS A FRIENDLY GESTURE AND SINCE YOU'RE A GOOD CLIENT, I SUGGEST YOU USE ONE OF THE ARMORED MAINTENANCE MACHINES YOU'LL FIND ALONG THE GREEN CANAL


AS FOR THE PEARLS, JUST LEAVE THEM THERE. WE'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE TOOLS. THOSE EYEBOTS HAVEN'T NEVER UNTERSTOOD A THING ABOUT MONEY.
BLIP
THEY CERTAINLY ARE THE ONLY ONES AROUND HERE. HUH. POOR LITTLE ORPHANS.
SIGH.
MAY I SPEAK OF A GREEN CANAL DO YOU THINK?
I THINK IT'S THIS WAY. LET'S GO.
YOU'RE GOING TO TEST THIS MACHINE WHILE I TRY TO APTURE A ZUUR.
BUT OH, WELL.
LOOK. THERE ARE SPACEMEN IN THE ZUURS AROUND THEM. BRRR. I'M CRAZY DOING THIS FOR MILITARY REASONS. WE CAN'T GIVE THE GROUBOS TIME TO REACT.

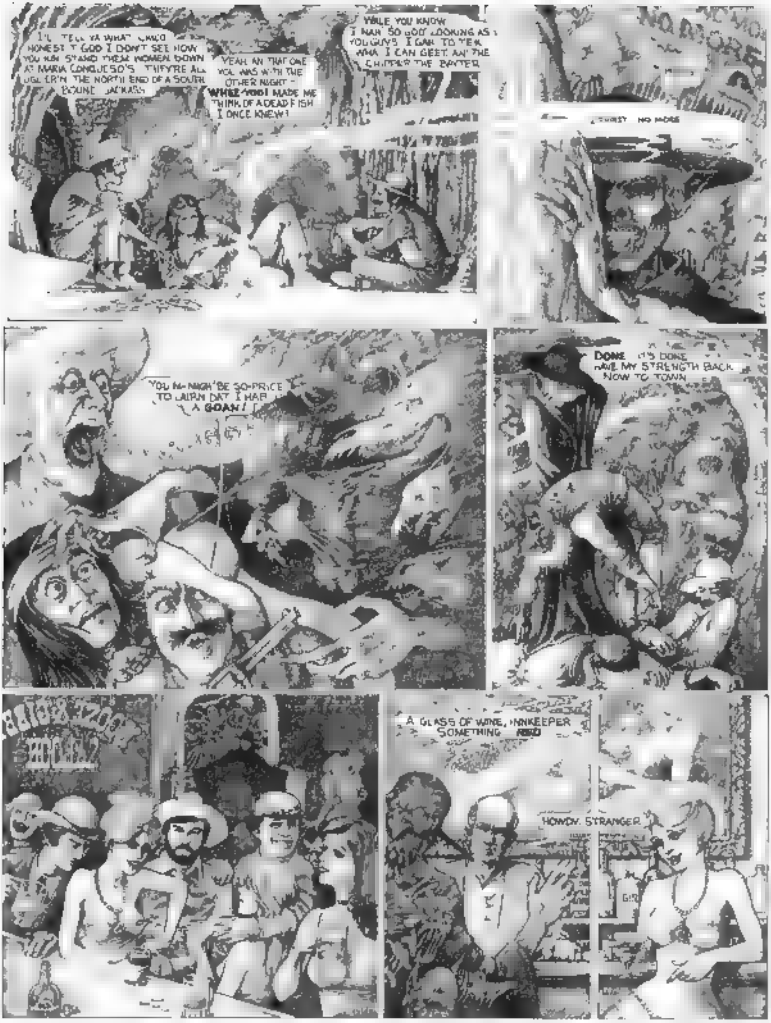
HELP ME!
I KNOW.
SHLAPF
HELP ME, ZULU!
IMAGES, IMAGES!
IT SEEMS TO BE CHANGING
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. NOT A THING.
AH THERE'S SOMETHING THE GROUBOS SAID

AND ANOTHER SHIP NEAR ?
THEYRE APPROACHING ONE ANOTHER
THE SPHERES ARE BEING TRANSFERRED
AH, I CAN SEE VALERIAN! BUT
? EARLOOD! WHAT ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO, I'M NOT!
I'LL NEVER FIND VALERIAN THIS WAY!!
OH OUR DEAR AVA-AVA-JOY
NOR THE AMBASSADOR DRAWN RIGHT WE LEFT THE EARTH'S SEGMENT HOURS AGO AND NOW THIS UNKNOWN SHIP
WELL I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHATS GOING ON NO I'M STARVED!
THEN TRY SOME SHELLFISH FROM THE GREEN CANAL DELICIOUS AND CHEAP

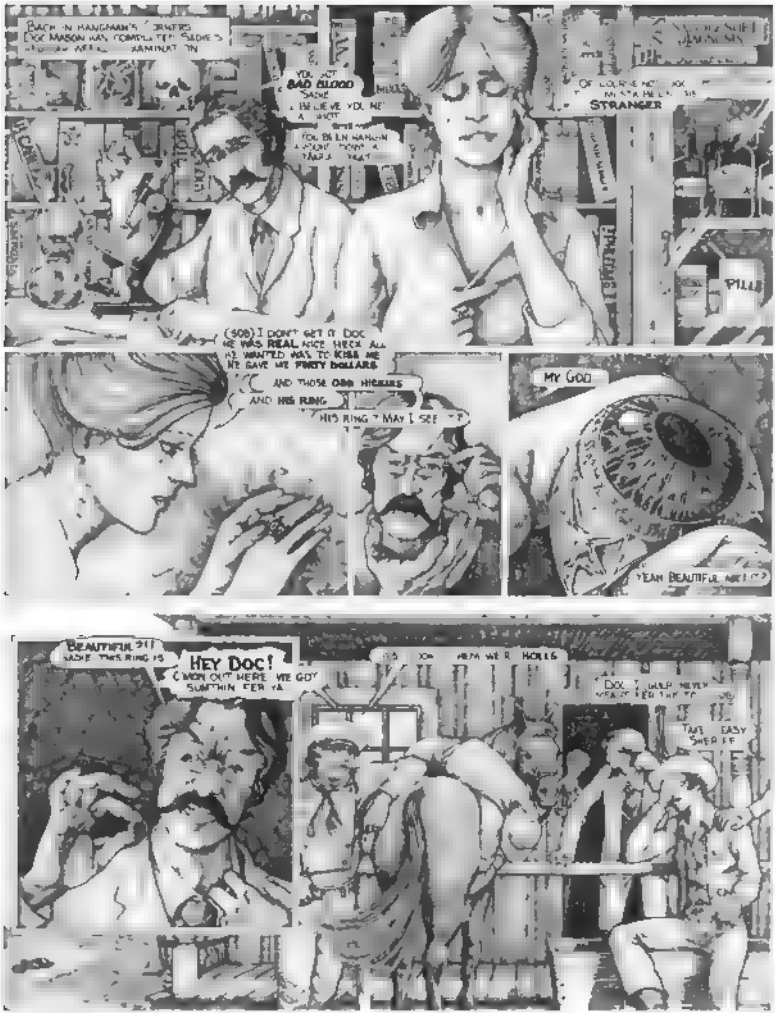
TO BE CONTINUED

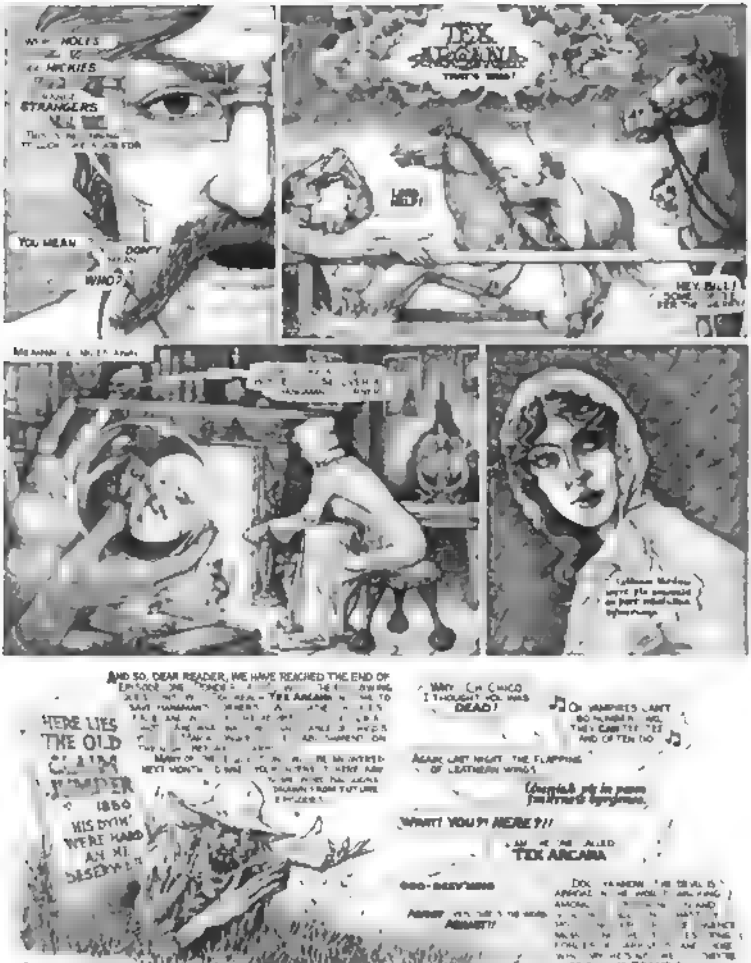
GREETINGS DEAR READER. WELCOME TO THE OLD WEST! RIDE WITH ME BACK TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR. BUT THIS TIME LET'S LOOK DEEPER INTO THIS ROMANTIC PAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S HIST RY. DEEPER BENEATH THE SUGAR COATED FACADE OF LYNCHINGS CHEAP DANCE HALL BORDELS, SANGUINARY SHOOT-OUTS, AND INDIAN MASSACRES. DEEPER INTO THE OLD WEST THE HISTORIANS WON'T TELL YOU ABOUT. THE WEIRD, HAUNTED, ELDRITCH, OCCULT OLD WEST OF
TEX ARCANA
PERFECT NOW I'LL SHOOT MYSELF A FEW AND WAIT UNTIL SUNSET
MEANWHILE HANGMAN'S CORNERS BROWSES THROUGH THE SUN BAKED DAY WAITING FOR NIGHTFALL
MORNIN, SADIE YOU'RE UP EARLY
GOT TOO MY SHOPPIN, DOC BESIDES, BED'S JUST FER WORKIN IN AND DY N IN, AIN'T IT?
HOT? YER A CAUTION NOW DON'T YOU FORGET YOUR CHILLS UP IN THE MORNIN
JAIL
STREET

SO AH SEZ "YUP, AH KIN MAKE A LAZY-N INTO A ROCKIN' BAR-M DIFFICULT SURE BUT NOTHIN'S IMPOSSIBLE IF YA GOT THE MONEY"
LORD! HOW EASY!
LOOK! SAH HEEZ GOAN WHEW!
WHOOOPEE!!
SADDA-YAH!
WE GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HOLE UP FER A WHILE
THERE'S A CAVERN IN A CANYON WEST OF HERE
LE'S STILL SOME HOSSES AN' BLOW DEESS PUKE HOLE TOWN
THIS HERE IS GREAT! HOMBLIA KNOW 'BOUT IT IT JUST CAME TO ME IN A A VISION
THEES WAHN GOOD PLESS DEV NAYVER COYK HEER
YEAH BUT SOMETHIN JUST DON'T FEEL RIGHT
MEANWHILE BACK AT SANDMAN'S JOINTS
JAILBREAK!!!
POSSE!
GOTTA HAVE A
LOST 'EM, SORT I LOST 'EM! HELL I JUS' LAUGH 'EM YESTIDAY (HICKSON)
HOOT! I BET THE HIGHT OUT IN THE CANYON, IN THE AVERN
BILL! SOME COFFEE FER THE SHERIFF
SALIE'S RIGHT WELL RIDE OUT E' FEST THING IN THE MORNIN AN' DICK 'EM UP
RELAX SHERIFF THEY AIN'T NONE O' 'EM GOT NY MORE SENSE 'N A LOVER-PIGEON AT
OH, KNOCK IN WITH FOCK
BILL! SOME COFFEE FER THE SHERIFF
YES, SADIE IS RIGHT BUT WHAT NO ONE KNOWS IS THAT DEEP WITHIN THAT VERY CAVERN A SOLITARY E QUAE SENSES THE SUN NEARING THE HORIZON AND STIRS


I'LL TELL YA WHAT, JANCO HONEST T' GOD I DON'T SEE HOW YOU KIN STAND THEM WOMEN DOWN AT MARIA CONCEPCION'S. THEY'RE ALL USE-ERN THE NORTH END OF A SOUTH BOUND JACKASS.
YEAH, AN THAT ONE YOU WAS WITH THE OTHER NIGHT WHEE-WOO! MADE ME THINK OF A DEAD FISH I ONCE KNEW!
WELL, YOU KNOW I RAN SO GOOD LOOKING AS YOU GUYS. I CAN TO YEW-HAW. I CAN GEET AN THE SHUFFLE THE BATTER.
NO MORE
THIRST NO MORE
YOU M-MIGH'BE SO-PRICE TO LAIRN DAT I HAF A GOAN!
DONE IT'S DONE HAVE MY STRENGTH BACK NOW TO TOWN
A GLASS OF WINE, INNKEEPER SOMETHING RED
HOWDY, STRANGER

STRANGER THAN
LORD, HELP
THIS HERE ONE'S STILL BREATHIN'
IT'S THE ONE THEY CALL CRAZY!
OF TOWN.. IN A CAVERN.. IN A CANYON
SCARY
EFFY WAS
I GUESS WE... NEVER KNOW
Merge
LOOK


BACK IN HANGMAN'S JEWELRY
DOC MASON HAS COMPLETELY SLOWED
YOU GOT BAD BLOOD SAME I BELIEVE YOU ME
YOU BE IN HANGIN AROUND TOWN A WHILE
OF COURSE NOT YOU MISTAKE HER FOR A STRANGER
PILLS
(SOB) I DON'T GET IT DOC HE WAS REAL NICE HERE ALL HE WANTED WAS TO KISS ME HE GAVE ME FORTY DOLLARS
AND THOSE ODD HOBBIES AND HIS RING
HIS RING ? MAY I SEE IT ?
MY GOD
YEAH BEAUTIFUL, NOT ?
BEAUTIFUL ?!? MADE THIS RING IS
HEY DOC! C'MON OUT HERE WE GOT SUMTHIN FER YA
YOU HEM WERE HOBBIES
DOC ? WHAT NEVER WEAR FER THAT ?
TAKE EASY SHERIFF

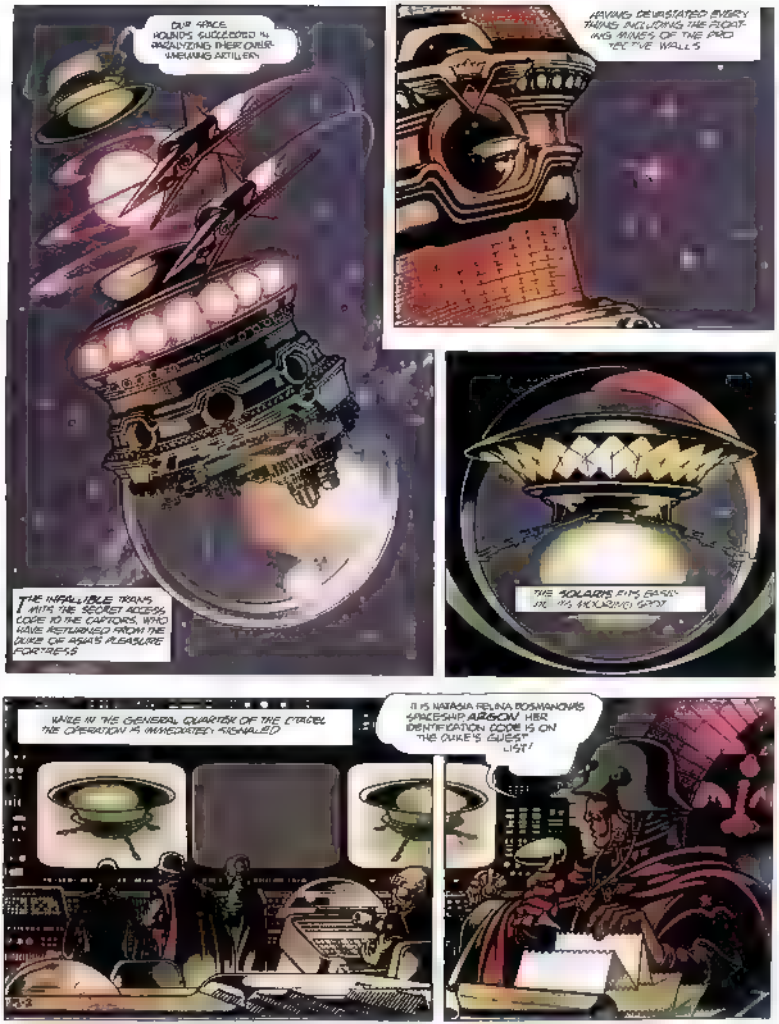

STRANGERS
YOU MEAN
WHO?
TEX ARCANA
THAT'S WHO!
HEY, BILL!
AND SO, DEAR READER, WE HAVE REACHED THE END OF
HERE LIES THE OLD
1860
HIS DYIN' WERE HARD AN XI
WHY, CH CHICO I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD!
OH VAMPIRES CAN'T GO NOWHERE NO, THEY CAN'T SEE AND OFTEN DO
AGAIN LAST NIGHT THE FLAPPING OF LEATHERN WINGS
WHAT? YOU?! HERE?!!
TEX ARCANA
DOC-DASTARDS
ABOUT?!

THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE

Jean Teulé ??. .....
THE "GARE DU NORD," PARIS, WHERE SOME PEOPLE SUFFER AND SOME EVEN DIE!
Jean Teulé 79
...A GIRL GOES BY... ...CRYING...
A MAD BLACK WITCH DOCTOR SCREAMS DIVINE INCANTATIONS... ...DIVINE!
...TRANSVESTITE COPS WITH "SHORT CIRCUITS" IN THEIR HEADS!

SUDDENLY THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE...
PACKS IT ALL IN!
J. Tenlé
...AND THE BIG, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD...
ENDS''

MILADY 3000
THE PRINCE OF EQUILIBRIUM AND A SERENE GALAXY
BY MAGNUS
THE INFALLIBLE IS TIMING THE TRIP AROUND THE CREST OF THE DUKES CITADEL, MILADY.
BEGIN OUR RECONNAISSANCE PROGRAM OF THE CAPTORS, LIEF!
THE SHIELDED 2 SQUARE SHRINKS IN SIZE WHILE MAINTAINING THE SIZE OF THAT
AND RETURNS TO CONVENTIONAL SPACE


OUR ARMOR HOUNDS SUCCEEDED IN ENCIRCLING THEIR OWN UNMANNED ARTILLERY
HAVING DEVASTATED EVERY THING INCLUDING THE FLOATING MINES OF THE PROTECTIVE WALLS
THE INFALLIBLE TRANS WITH THE SECRET ACCESS CODE TO THE CAPTORS, WHO HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DUKE OF AGUA'S PLEASURE FORTRESS
THE SQUARE FIN EARLY IN ITS ACCELERATION SPOT
WHILE IN THE GENERAL QUARTER OF THE CITADEL THE OPERATION IS IMMEDIATELY SIGNALED
IT IS NATASHA FELINA BOSMANOVA'S SPACESHIP ARROW. HER IDENTIFICATION CODE IS ON THE DUKE'S GUEST LIST!

LORD DUKE, THE COURTESAN HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE CITADEL.
REGINE HERAS HER RANK REQUIRES ORSINI, AND ACCOMPANY HER TO MY QUARTERS I WANT TO TALK TO HER IMMEDIATELY.
PRUDENCE, MILADY! THE DUKE'S CONSCIENCE NO LONGER BALKS AT CRIME.
DRESSED WITH A GLISTENING MACHETE ROBE OF PRECIOUS STONES, NATASHA ROLAVA BOSMANOVA, AN ERSTWHILE COURTESAN AND PALACE DANCER COMES DOWN FROM THE ANCHORED SHIP.
TO WHOM HAVE I THE HONOR OF SPEAKING?
I AM VALENTINO ORSINI, COMMANDER OF THE CITADEL. HIS HIGHNESS MODUS, DUKE OF ASIA, BEGS YOU TO ACCEPT THIS AS A SIGN OF HIS GOODWILL.
MADAME YOU ARE MAGNIFICENT.
A VERY CLEAR TELEPATHIC HARMONY COMES TO MILADY
LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW THAT MICROSCOPIC AUDIO-VISUAL INSTRUMENTS ARE CONCEALED IN THE STONES OF THIS NECKLACE AND THAT THEY CAN RELEASE A CORROSIVE GAS ON COMMAND

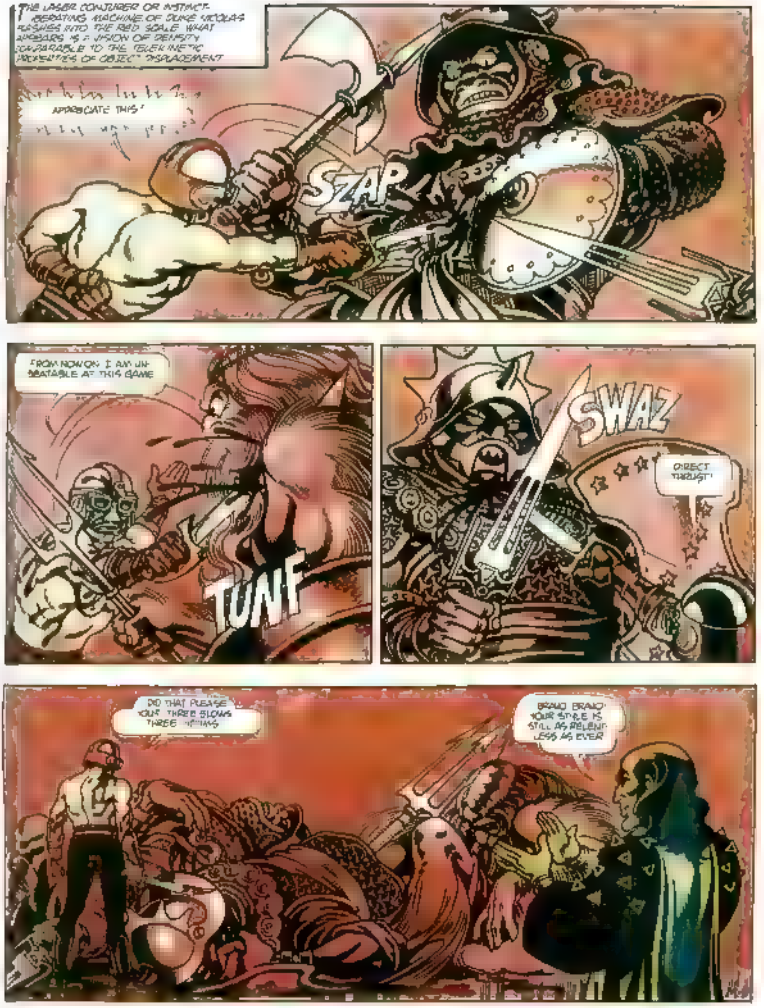
GIVE THIS BAUBLE BACK TO HIS HIGHNESS, COMMANDER. AND TELL HIM THAT I WILL ACCEPT ONLY WHAT'S DUE ME. WHAT HE INTENDS TO ACCOMPLISH REMAINS TO BE DEFINED
OH!
YOUR REPUTATION IS NOT OVERRATED MADAME. PERMIT ME NOW TO SHOW YOU TO THE DUKE'S PAVILION
IN THE PAVILION OF FOUNTAINS DUKE NICOLAS OF ASIA IS FULL OF ATTENTIONS FOR HIS BEAUTIFUL
NASTASIA, BATH AND SILK DANCER!
AMONG YOUR ARTIFICIAL BEAUTIES, YOUR GRACE IS STILL MORE SPLENDID
YOUR HIGHNESS I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO GO INTO FURTHER DETAILS ABOUT THE AFFAIR
HOW SEVERE YOU ARE! CAN'T WE SPEAK OF BUSINESS AS WE ALLOW OURSELVES SOME EROTIC RELAXATION?
YOUR HIGHNESS, WAN, OUT OF THE BLOOD PROSTITUTES, IN THE PALACE DID YOU SUMMON ME?

EEN WELL EXQUISITE ONE! WELL TALK HONESTLY! IT'S YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SECRET SECT OF EXECUTIONERS THAT ATTRACTED ME TO YOU!
AH, OF COURSE!
YOU SURELY KNOW THE DESTINY OF ANY FAMILY THE ASARS COULD HAVE ASPIRED TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE! BUT SIXTY YEARS AGO THE LINE OF THE NIKKAS PUT THEIR BASTARD THERE. A TIGER ON THE THRONE WHO WAS PURELY A VASSAL THEN!
HIS OWN NONCHALANCE WAS TO BEGIN THE EXTERMINATION OF THE MASSES
BUT TODAY, MY MESSENGER MUST HAVE ALREADY GIVEN YOU AN IDEA OF THE BIG PLANS OF OUR PEOPLE. THE KIDNAPPING OF HIS HIGHNESS THE HEIR APPARENT
AND THE REVOLT OF THE SEVEN ANCIENT PROVINCES, WHICH WILL FOLLOW
PRINCE EDO IS THE HOST OF THE CITADEL AND CERTAINLY SUSPECTS NOTHING! YOU WILL BE THE PRIME INSTRUMENT OF MY CONSPIRACY
HIS HIGHNESS NEVER SEPARATES HIMSELF FROM HIS BODYGUARDS BUT YOUR EXCEPTIONAL POWERS WILL MAKE HIM WANT YOU. YOU WILL PUT A SLEEPING TABLET IN HIS DRINK AND
WAMP
RRRRUMBLE
FROSK
BUT THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW FOR THE MOMENT. LOOK INSTEAD: THIS IS QUITE AN EXCEPTIONAL PHENOMENON IN THIS CLIMATE. OUR METEOROLOGICAL SERVICES PRESENTS US WITH A LITTLE STORM!
LET'S FIND SOME SHELTER!
AFTER HER MEETING WITH THE PRINCE, MESSALA IS ESCORTED BY CROMM TO THE APARTMENTS HER STEWARD, LAER, CARRYING A LEATHER TRUNK AS BAGGAGE
MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE? DON'T PROWL AROUND UNDER THE DOME WHEN OUR SOLAR SHIELDING PASSES JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON! IT'S EXTREMELY DANGEROUS! I BID YOU GOOD NIGHT!

ONE HOUR HAS PASSED
AMLADY BEFORE THE SATELLITE EMERGES ON THE HORIZON. I WILL HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST PART OF THE PLAN.
ATMOSPHERIC HUMIDITY IN THE UPPER PERCENTILE
ME, UER FIRST-CLASS ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ANDROID I LOST TWO LEGS AND THREE ARMS DURING THE WAR IN THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR
THE GIGANTIC UER SETS A SERIES OF EXPLOSIVES THROUGHOUT THE CITADEL, AS HE KNEW THE DEEP STRUCTURES PERFECTLY
BUT IT'S READY WHO MADE ME LOSE MY HEAD!

ALL OF A SUDDEN DISTURBING THE QUIET OF THE PARK AN OFTEN HEARD CRY RINGS BEHIND HER
BEWARE OF US, GLORY TO HAKA
?
BY ASHKON! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT ONE DAY I'D MEET ONE OF MY OWN KIND AGAIN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I AM ONE OF THE DUKE'S GARDENERS A FIRST-CLASS AVAROID LIKE YOU. YOU HAVE THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS AS I DO. ISN'T THAT SO, OLD CARCASS?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF YOUR TALK GARDENER! YOU'RE DISGRESSING. I AM THE STEWARD OF A GREAT LADY OF THE CITADEL WHO IS STAYING HERE AS A FIRST-CLASS GUEST!
I'M IN A GREAT HURRY, AND MY RANK DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO WASTE TIME WITH YOU.
HEY!? SO THAT'S SOLIDARITY WITH AN OLD COMRADE IN ARMS FOR YOU, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR ROOTS.
WHEN WE TO MEET WE CAN'T FOOL EACH OTHER AS MORTALS DO. LOYALTY TO OUR CREATORS HAS BEEN INSTILLED IN US AND EVERYTHING MUST BE BROUGHT TO THEIR ATTENTION THROUGH THE OFFICIAL CHANNELS!

WHEN THE ARTIFICIAL DAY LIGHTS UP THE CITADEL AGAIN, NICOLAS AND ORSAN HOLD THEIR DAILY MEETING
SO SHE REFUSED THE CONTROL NECKLACE? ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD OF IT! IT'S A SIGN OF HER EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY!
HMM. I'D LIKE TO BE AS CHEERFUL AS HIS HIGHNESS!
YOU KNOW, I WAS AGAINST INVOLVING HER UP IN THIS PERILOUS ENTERPRISE FROM THE START. PERSONALLY, I DON'T HAVE THE LEAST BIT OF CONFIDENCE IN THE LOYALTY OR DEVOTION OF WOMEN.
HA, HA, HA, ORSAN! YOU NEVER CHANGE! AS FOR ME, I LOVE WOMEN AND RISK!
OBSERVE!
HOWE & THE YOLLEB WARRIORS!? IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! YOU ARE MAKING VERY RASH USE OF THE CONJURER


THE LASER CONJURER OR INSTANT-OPERATING MACHINE OF DUKE NICOLAS REDUCES INTO THE RED SCALE WHAT HANGARS IS A VISION OF DENSITY COMPARABLE TO THE TELEKINETIC PROJECTILES OF OBJECT DISPLACEMENT
APPRECIATE THIS!
SZAP
FROM NOW ON, I AM UNBEATABLE AT THIS GAME
TUNF
SWAZ
DIRECT HIT!!!
DO THAT PLEASE, FOUR THREE SIGNS THREE HUMANS
BRAVO, BRAVO, YOUR STYLE IS STILL AS RELENTLESS AS EVER

THE EVOKER IS MY ONLY OUTLET AND PERMITS ME TO MAINTAIN MY PERSONAL COMBAT POWER IN FULL FORM!
THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT YOUR COURAGE OR YOUR MARTIAL QUALITIES YOUR HIGHNESS HOWEVER YOU SHOULDN'T EXPOSE YOURSELF TO THESE VIOLENT REPRESENTATIONS AT SUCH A HIGH CONCENTRATION
VALENTINO ORSINI IS VERY CONCERNED!
AS FOR ME, I HAVE MANY OTHER PROBLEMS THE PRINCE'S ESCORT: FOR EXAMPLE
HAVE THE SLAVE COME IN!
DID YOU ASK TO SEE ME? WHAT DO YOU WANT MANCHOT? SPEAK
GLORY TO THE NINJA SLAVE OF THE DUKE! I'VE COME TO BRING YOU SOMETHING STRANGE AND A DOUBT THAT WEIGHS HEAVY ON MY MIND BOY!
THIS GREAT LADY'S STEWARD CAN'T FOOL ME! HE'S AN ELECTROCHEMICAL ANDROID OF THE FIRST CLASS, LIKE ME. DRAFTED TO THE GRENADIER CORPS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD
IN THE CAPRICORN WAR I FOUGHT WITH MY KIND AND WE WERE ALL INJURED DURING THE BATTLE
I LOST MY BIOLOGICAL ARM THERE.
WHICH THEY REPLACED WITH THIS MECHANICAL THING
ENOUGH! A GRENADIER OF THE GUARD, DID YOU SAY?

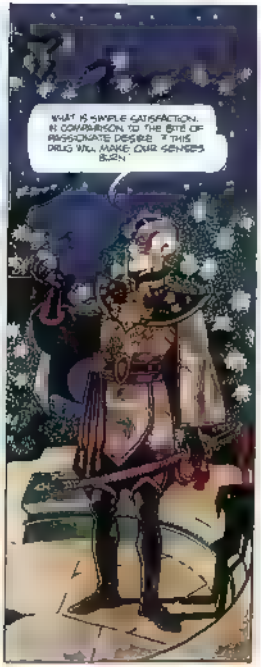
CURSES.
OPEN WARFARE TOWARD THE UNIVERSAL SECRET PATRIMONY OF THE CITADEL AFTER HAVING HIS SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED BY THE BARDE::IER
THE ANDROID STEWARD OF THE DANCER IS AN EX-GRENADIER OF THE GUARD RETURNED TO THE IMPERIAL 45'
THE SECRET IMPERIAL SERVICES? WE'VE BEEN DUPED!
CAPTURE NATASIA AND DESTROY HER ANDROID
WHILE DUKE NICOLAS AND VALENTINO CROSSA SEE THEIR FRIENDS SUE SOBIN, THE PARTY IN HONOR OF PRINCE ECO I'S IN FULL SWING, AND NATASIA FELINA BOSAMUNDA, PALACE DANCER, IMPROVISES A SEDUCTIVE STORY.
HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, ECO I, A DESCENDANT OF THE MAGI, PRINCE OF ECOLUSTRIA AND A SERENE FIRST ADMIRAL OF THE SQUADRON AND HERE TO THE MARCHE, SITS BETWEEN HIS BODYGUARDS SIPPING A GLASS OF SOME 1600 OF APRICOTINE.
M 11

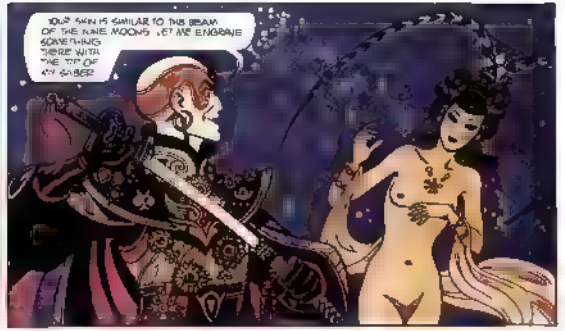
SUDDENLY, MIT WITH A BOLT OF LUSTFUL ENTHUSIASM!
THAT DANCER. CAPTAIN FENTRAK. I WANT TO MEET HER FACE TO FACE

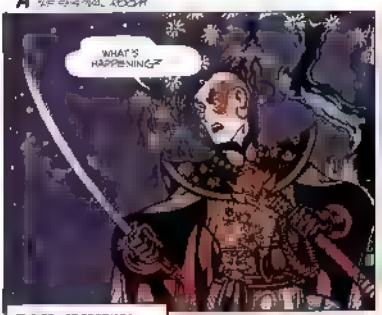
MADAME, HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE EDO DESIRES YOUR SPLENDOR FOR HIMSELF ALONE

TELL THE PRINCE OF THIS DYNASTY THAT I WILL BE VERY HONORED TO MEET HIM AT THE PAVILION OF MURMURS

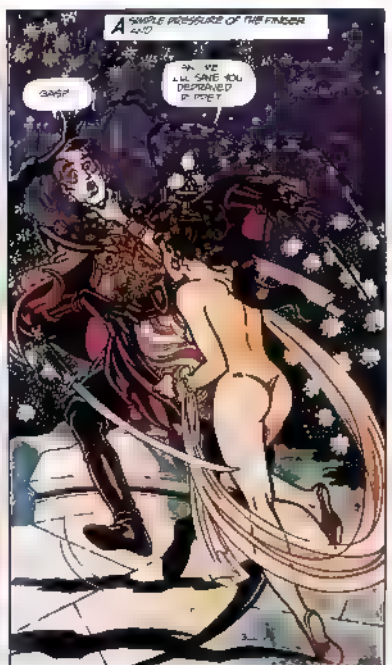
YOUR HIGHNESS, I AM YOUR DEVOTED SLAVE

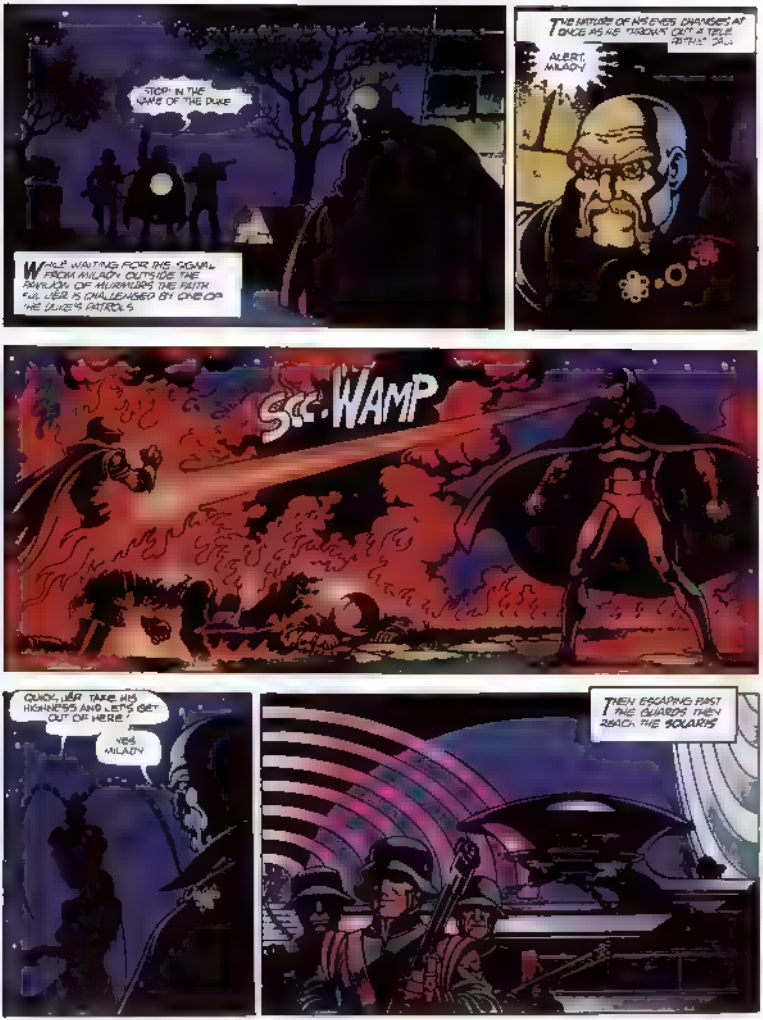

WHAT IS SIMPLE SATISFACTION, IN COMPARISON TO THE BITE OF PASSIONATE DESIRE ? THIS DRUG WILL MAKE OUR SENSES BURN

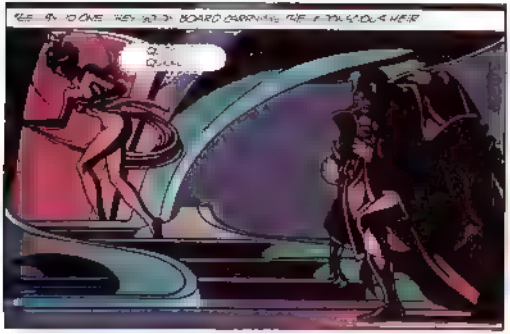

YOUR SKIN IS SIMILAR TO THE BEAM OF THE NINE MOONS. LET ME ENGRAVE SOMETHING THERE WITH THE TIP OF MY SABER

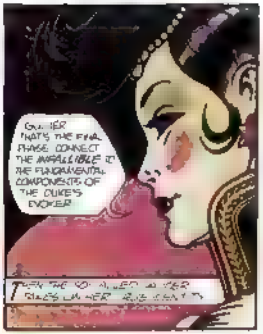

AT THE SAME MOMENT THE ALARM SIGNAL SOUNDS IN THE RITUAL ROOM
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

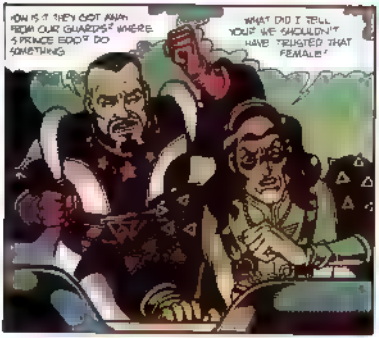
THE PRINCE BECOMES INTENSELY PARANOID!
BETRAYAL ! BE DRAWED ! I'LL KILL YOU!!

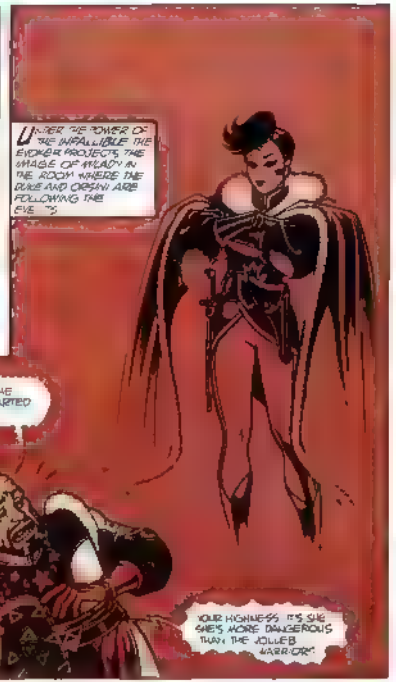

A SIMPLE PRESSURE OF THE FINGER AND
GASP
OH, YES ! I'LL SAVE YOU DESERVED IT FOR IT !


"STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE DUKE"
WHILE WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL FROM MILADY OUTSIDE THE PAVILION OF MURMURS THE FAITH-FUL HEIR IS CHALLENGED BY ONE OF THE DUKE'S PATROLS
THE NATURE OF HIS EYES CHANGES AT ONCE AS HE TURNS OUT A TRUE FAITH-FUL
ALBERT, MILADY
SCC-WAMP
QUICK, HER TAKE HIS HIGHNESS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
YES MILADY
THEN ESCAPING PAST THE GUARDS THEY REACH THE SOLARIS

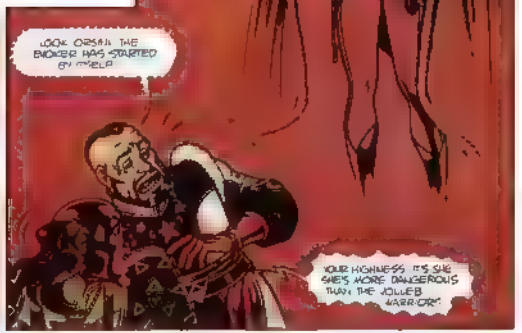

SEE IN 10 ONE HEY WITCH BOARD CHRONICLE THE EVIL DUKE HEIR
QUICK


GUARDER THAT'S THE FINAL PHASE. CONNECT THE INFALLIBLE TO THE FUNDAMENTAL COMPONENTS OF THE DUKE'S EVOKER
THEN THE SORCERESS AS HER TAKES UP HER POSITION


HOW IS IT THEY GOT AWAY FROM OUR GUARDS? WHERE'S PRINCE EDDY? DO SOMETHING
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED THAT FEMALE!


UNDER THE POWER OF THE INFALLIBLE THE EVOKER PROJECTS THE IMAGE OF HYLDA IN THE ROOM WHERE THE DUKE AND ORSINI ARE FOLLOWING THE EVE

WE'RE THERE HER SET THE LASER CONJURER IN FRONT OF THE RED SCALE


LOOK ORSINI THE EVOKER HAS STARTED ITS SPELL
YOUR HIGHNESS IT'S SHE SHE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE JOLLIED WARRIOR!

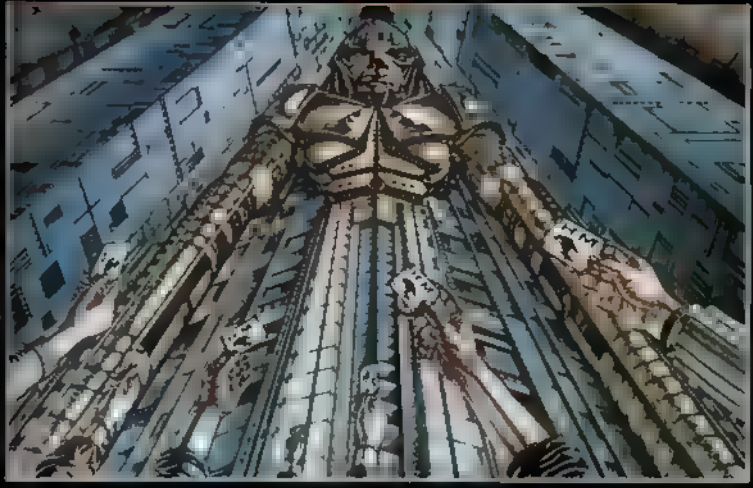
CATCH FEMALE
MIRACLE YOUR GUN IS POWERLESS AGAINST THESE LUMINOUS WAVES!
TCH POW
BUT THIS A QUESTION ALL THE SAME OF WHICH LASER
TCH WAMP
WHAT DO YOU DOIN' NAKHSAKHT? WHY?
NATASHA YOUR HIGHNESS!
ACTUALLY, I AM PAULOSA ROMANIA COUNTESS ZUHOI COLONEL OF THE IMPERIAL SECRET SERVICES
LONG LIVE THE DYNASTY
GUN
KRAK
ZAP
GUN
UHH
UHH!
AIII
TAKE OFF. HER. WE'RE FINISHED!
YES MASTER

THE SAILSHIP SOLARIS RISES ABOVE THE BREAKWATER MOORINGS WITHOUT RESISTANCE
SPEEDS BY THE GREAT OPEN HATCHWAYS, AND FLIES RAPIDLY ON ITS WAY
STILL 6 OR MORE SECONDS
CRUSHED BY IMPERIAL ANGER
THE EXPLOSIVES SET BY USER REDUCE THE DUKE OF ACIA'S PLEASURE CITADEL TO ASH
LATER ACCORDING TO THE PRE-ESTABLISHED GALACTIC PLAN SOLARIS NEARS THE PROBABILITY, A CRASH TO SPACE WAR RUSHES
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

COMMANDER WANG. ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR CHARGE AS THE PRINCE'S TUTOR, I'M ENTRUSTING YOU WITH HIS HIGHNESS AND GIVING YOU HIS SWORD AS A SYMBOL OF NOBILITY.
HIS HIGHNESS IS GOING TO BE PUT IMMEDIATELY IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIP'S DOCTORS, COLONEL.
NO ONE HERE WILL REGRET THE LOSS OF HIS BODYGUARDS, THOSE COURTESANS, THIRSTY FOR DRUGS AND ORGIES, OFFICERS OF BAL.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO HAVE SAVED THE YOUNG TIGER OF THE DYNASTY!
LONG LIVE THE DYNASTY!
THE DYNASTY!
YOUR DAUGHTER SAVED OUR YOUNG IMPERIAL DESCENDANT FROM THE CONSPIRACY OF A DISLOYAL VASSAL, COUNT ZUMO.
FLOWER OF HER LINE EVEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE, MY DAUGHTER PAULONIA WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY CHILD!
THE EMPEROR! THE TIGER ON THE THRONE!
FIN

If you subscribe to *Heavy Metal* today, you'll never have to hear tomorrow . . .

Sorry. All out of Heavy Metal!



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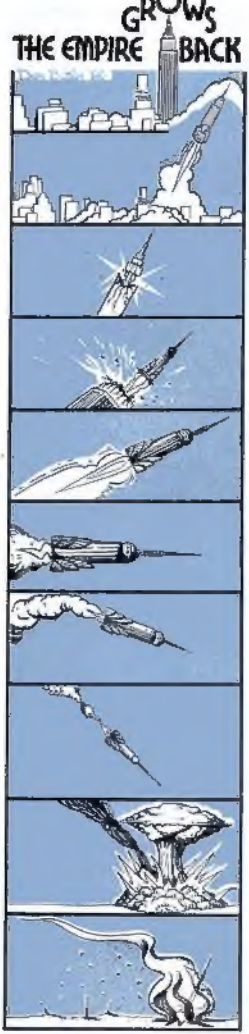
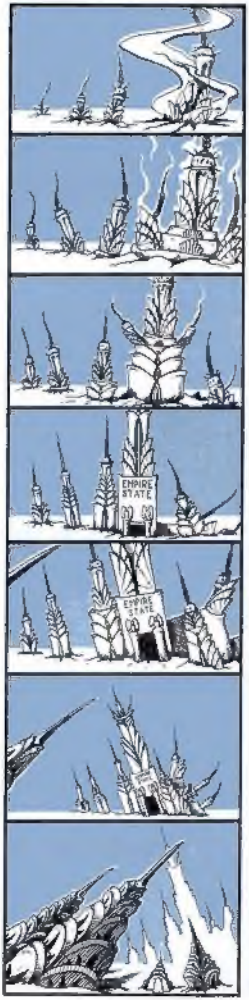
As I watched, the monster came to life Adolf Hitler opened his eyes and spoke .
For days, I'd been unable to sleep, tormented by the knowledge that I was helping to revive the greatest monster in history.
Whose beautiful body is this? My goodness, it's mine!
The born-again Hitler was charming, fluent--and sensitive
The bullet that had shattered Hitler's brain had taken its toll of his memory
Who am I, anyway? Is this one of those dreadful games where I have to guess?
I would have used a much more daring color with the draperies, and the Rockefeller ferns are just too cliche!
I tried to convince Armand of the absurdity of using him to spearhead a neo-Nazi crusade
Just look at all this--Hitler books, Hitler movies...
"Adolf We Hardly Knew Ye"
Nonsense--the public is ready for his return

...even a Hitler board game--"Hungry, Hungry Hitlers!"
I invented it myself. See, the Hitlers gobble up little marbles with the names of European countries on them.
But Armand, this Hitler is scared of guns. he's only interested in redecorating the Enchanted Castle.
Well--all great men have an artistic streak.
So Armand refused to listen to you.
He wants to use Adolf for photo opportunities when the Dominoes attack the Black Pandas tomorrow.
We've got to escape and warn them.
I'll get something to smash your chains with.
That's okay- they're just made of plastic.

Then why did you keep them on all this time?
Because it's fun--haven't you ever heard of the Story of Joy
How are we going to get out of here?
Let's steal the submarine.
We crept aboard as quietly as mice--
--but once inside, we couldn't start the engine.
Well--we can give it a try...
I read a letter to Pent-Up magazine about two people who made love in a submarine
Hey, be careful! The boat's tilting.
We're going to sink!
Have you thought about cancelling your subscription?

This is stupid - let's just find a phone booth.
What did they say?
To wait here. They're planning a dawn attack.
Now where are you going?
Are you crazy? You're going to screw up a fart stic story!
I'm going back to warn Armand.
Huy!
Wake up, Armand. The Black Pandas are going to attack!
Attack? Here? But we're supposed to attack them at their house.
The Black Pandas are at the main gate! Shall I give the order to fire?
We can't do that. I--I hate violence
Jesus Christ! If you hate violence, why did you start a secret army to take over the world?
I didn't think anyone would pay me any attention.
To Be Continued





COMING NEXT MONTH

With the continuation of the best fantasy stories ever to hit these shores —**Bloodstar**, **What Is Reality**, **Papa?**, **Tes Arcana**, and **Rock Opera**, to name but a few—one might quandar, "Yeah, but don't'cha have nothing new?"

Boy, do we ever.

Harry North's bird's-eye view of the streets of London; how true is it?

Juan Gimenez took time off from his stint on the *Heavy Metal* movie to grace these pages with a gutsy strip, **Goodbye Soldiers.**

For a bit of *reality*, Victor Bockris tangles with incubi and succubi, who stimulate not only sexually but also mentally.

Plus a new Caza wonder and Esteban Maroto on the cover.

Until then.

In the basement of a university medical school Dr. Jessup floats naked in total darkness. The most terrifying experiment in the history of science is out of control…and the subject is himself.
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In like a lion
...Harlan Ellison on violence, Corben's Bloodstar, and the finale of Druillet's Salammbo.
Out like a lamb
...intergalactic love, superwomen take charge, and Rock Opera continues!

TOO DOWN WITH DCP?